

## Topics of the Week

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Rhodes's gigantic blunder in 1895, and his enforced abstention from the political arena ever since, his death has impressed the public mind with a sense of very serious loss. The truth is that Mr. Rhodes's remarkable character, the large place he filled in the imagination of his countrymen, and the firm hold he had acquired on their confidence, prevented them from ever entertaining the idea that his career was at an end. The future was big with tasks for Titans, and it was difficult to believe that Cecil Rhodes would not play a great part in dealing with them. The tasks remain, but the Titan is gone, and hence the uneasy feeling that the future has been sensibly clouded by his death. In a sense his work was done. The great impulse he gave to the new Imperialism has produced abiding results. In men like Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Seddon we have already a sufficient assurance that the seed of his Imperialist tradition has been cast on fruitful soil. In South Africa, too, his ideas have taken shape, and whatever the future may bring forth, there can be no question that a United South Africa, under the British flag, reaching from Table Bay to Lake Tanganyika is now assured. Nevertheless, we should have felt more confident of an unimpeded realisation of this great dream had Cecil Rhodes still lived to watch over it. His masterful personality and his magnetic hold on the popular imagination, whether he was in or out of office, afforded a guarantee of persistence and strenuousness in the pursuit of his aims by the Imperial Government. The country might change its political allegiance, but there was little chance of Cecil Rhodes forfeiting his hold on the public ear. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner have in their way unrivalled qualifications for the work which has to be done in South Africa, but they have not that detachment from party, nor have they that permanent place in South African affairs, which were the secrets of Cecil Rhodes's strength. What is essential to the salvation of South Africa to-day is a man of commanding genius who is directly associated with the Colony and personally identified with its manifold interests. Mr. Rhodes supplied this desideratum, and he has left no successor. In South African politics there is not a single man to take his place, while Imperial officers like Lord Milner afford no guarantee of that fixity of tenure which is an essential to the winning of local confidence and to the achievement of great tasks. In Rhodesia especially the loss of Mr. Rhodes will be severely felt. There his personality counted for everything. It inspired confidence in the mines; it encouraged settlers to face all manner of hardships; it conciliated shareholders to annual deficits, and it sufficed with the money market to justify a loyal support of every scheme that he might recommend for the benefit of the huge province. In these respects we see no one to succeed him. On the other hand it must, of course, be borne in mind that so much has already been done that it is possible that once the war is over everything will be plain sailing, and there will be no absolute need for the peculiar qualities which Mr. Rhodes might have brought to the work of South African reconstruction. It is to be hoped that this will prove to be the case.

To a very large extent the useful was substituted for the ornamental in the Volunteer arrangements at Eastertide. This has been a growing tendency ever since the infancy of the citizen army. At the beginning, monster reviews and sham-fights were the invariable practice, but it soon became apparent to those who took their soldiering seriously that these displays did much more harm than good. There was far too much of the picnic element in them, and discipline in the ranks necessarily became weakened rather than strengthened. At the time, however, it was of supreme importance to popularise the force, even if efficiency suffered, and the Eastertide celebrations had, therefore, some value. But that necessity no longer exists; Volunteering has taken far too firm a hold of the nation to need adventitious support. The large majority desire, before all things, to attain the highest possible degree of military aptitude as auxiliaries for the defence of the kingdom, in the event of any enemy effecting a landing. Most rightly, therefore, they are devoting increased time and attention to marksmanship and other campaigning essentials. Battalion, instead of collective, efficiency is now the chief aim, and there cannot be the least doubt that this change of training is a move in the right direction. The Boers never had any other, and we know to our cost how long they have succeeded in making good the defence of their rugged country. In the days of solid column

movements, perfection of drill was essential for close cohesion, but loose formation being necessitated by the longer range and increased accuracy of firearms, there is no longer the same need for parade-ground precision.

KING EDWARD has not been long in affording proof that the deep personal interest he always took in yacht-racing when Heir-Apparent has lost nothing of its force since he came to the Throne. His gracious gift of a valuable trophy to be raced for in connection with the International Exhibition at Cork is but one of many indications of his continued love for, perhaps, the most essentially British of all sports. Germany, France, and the United States are quite recent comers in this maritime domain of competition; at the time when the Marquis of Anglesea upheld strict man-of-war discipline on board that grand hard-weather cutter, the *Pearl*, no foreign nation thought of trying conclusions with England in yacht-racing. Although that is no longer the case, it remains the truth that the popular love of the sport goes deeper here and is more general than in any other country, not excepting the United States. All the same, our owners and builders seem likely to be put under sharp strain during Coronation Year to hold their own against all comers. It is not known whether the splendid schooner built for the Kaiser in America will appear in British waters, but several German yachts are already entered for Channel matches, while the New York Yacht Club purposes, it is said, to send over the conqueror of *Shamrock II*. The six hundred guinea cup, given by the Kaiser in honour of King Edward's Coronation, is restricted to competition among German-built craft, but as the winning post will be at Dover, some of them are pretty sure to try their mettle against British flyers. It is to be hoped, too, that some Channel races will be so arranged as to give the veteran *Britannia*, once more flying the King's burgee, a chance; old though she be, we make little doubt that she would show her wake to any yacht launched in the same year.

## The Court

THE King's Easter holiday on board the *Victoria and Albert* was of the most private description. Directly His Majesty joined his yacht at Portsmouth she crossed over to Cowes and lay about half a mile from the shore, with the cruiser *Minerva* in attendance and other yachts close by. The King was frequently ashore, but maintained the strictest privacy. Sometimes King Edward went to the Royal Yacht Squadron Cottage, sometimes he paid visits to Princess Louise at Kent House or Princess Henry of Battenberg at Osborne Cottage, and each day he took a country cruise in his motor-car. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday mornings the King attended Divine Service on board the yacht, and on Saturday he gave a luncheon party, Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll and Princess Henry of Battenberg with three of her children being the chief guests. At first the weather was fine, but Easter Sunday was wet and miserable, and the King only went ashore for a little while in the afternoon, when he strolled along the Victoria Parade at West Cowes—the Diamond Jubilee memorial to Queen Victoria. The weather cleared next day, however, so King Edward drove out as usual. Later in the week the *Victoria and Albert* was to start on her coasting cruise, arranging the trip so that each night should be spent in harbour for the King to get his correspondence and transact State affairs. When His Majesty returns to town at the end of next week he will settle in Buckingham Palace, and during the King and Queen's absence all their personal property is being removed from Marlborough House to the Palace.

Queen Alexandra always receives the warmest welcome in her girlhood's home, Copenhagen, and Her Majesty was cheered to the echo on her arrival. The Queen had enjoyed a capital journey, the sea being so calm that she stayed on deck all the time. King Christian and the Royal Family, the Empress-Dowager of Russia, and the Ministry, greeted Her Majesty at the station, a party of ladies offering her a bouquet representing the Danish national colours. The Queen is staying with her father at the Amalienborg Palace, in Copenhagen, but they often drive out to their favourite country home, Bernstorff Castle. On Good Friday Her Majesty accompanied the King and Royal Family to Service in the Fredericks Church, while on Easter Sunday Her Majesty went with Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark to the English Church of St. Alban. Next week there will be quite a gala time for the celebration of King Christian's eighty-fourth birthday on Tuesday.

The Royal Family were very much scattered for Easter, for the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Sandringham, Princess Victoria was at Overstrand, near Cromer, the Duchess of Fife was with the Duke and children at Brighton, and Princess Charles was in Denmark. The Prince and Princess of Wales were quite alone at York Cottage for Easter with their four children, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church. They have now gone to Denmark for King Christian's birthday, crossing to Calais on Wednesday and then following the same route as that taken by Queen Alexandra last week. Marlborough House is now being prepared for their home. The presents received by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their colonial tour are to be shown at the Imperial Institute, the Exhibition opening on May 14.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

BEFORE these lines are in print the Lowther Arcade will have concluded its existence, its shops will be closed, and it will be given over to the destroyer. I am sorry for this, for it is among my earliest recollections, and I can still remember the thrill of pleasure connected with infantine explorations in its wondrous and varied Toyland. Do I not recollect the wonderful collection of accordions and other musical instruments of a fiendish nature, the defiant rocking horses, the rows of flaxen-hair dolls, with very pink legs, scantily costumed in gauze paper, the neat little beds with pink hangings, and the baby, even more pink than the curtains, securely stitched inside the counterpane, the sheepfolds with their flocks of closely shorn lemon-coloured sheep with red collars and an uncertain expression of eye, the two-stall stables with vermilion roofs and bright chrome walls, that sheltered the misanthropic grey horse and the cock-tailed roan, the dolls' houses which were always so much too small for their tenants; the boxes of tools, that eventually caused much sorrow, by reason of cut fingers and surreptitious carpenterial operations on the dining-room chairs, and the printing-presses that caused one untold delight, when one was his own author, editor and compositor, and brought out the paper with a sublime disregard of the convenience of the British public, and covered the neighbourhood generally with printer's ink. If I had space I could say a great deal more about the Lowther Arcade and its vicinity. Of late years its glories as a toy paradise have faded. Toys have gradually given way to goods of a more serious character, its speciality has been sacrificed. Possibly its mission is at an end, and after a career of seventy years it is, perhaps, necessary that it should be disestablished. I must own I was not quite so charmed with the place on the occasion of my last visit, on its closing day, as I was on my first acquaintance with it many years ago. Perhaps I am getting too critical.

"What lovely writing!" said a young lady to me at a post-office the other day when I handed in a telegram for transmission. I could not help smiling, for I do not set much value on the beauty of my caligraphy, and I am told by some people that it is much too minute, and others aver they cannot read it at all. But for all this I was rather pleased to have this unsolicited testimonial as to the value of my penmanship for telegraphic purposes. Possibly, I appear at my best on the telegram form, for I always make a point of writing thereon as clearly and as largely as possible. Indeed, I believe, under the aforesaid circumstances, my hand is as easy to read as print. The aforesaid young lady informed me that the trouble they had with indistinct and bad writing was something astonishing, and that the telegraph employés were continually being blamed for what was really the fault of the cryptic chirography of the present day. There is no doubt whatever about this. Most of the mistakes in telegrams are in consequence of the bad writing of their senders. A good many of the errors used to be due to the atrocious pens and muddy ink provided by the Post Office, but since they have wisely introduced the lead-pencil there has been, I understand, a distinct improvement in the correctness of despatches by wire.

Despite what some people would try to make us believe, the popularity of Charles Dickens is by no means on the wane. This is borne out by the fact that at Sotheby's the other day an ordinary mahogany leather-topped table, two chairs and a small looking-glass which were in use at the *All the Year Round* office in the days of the great novelist, fetched as much as 85*l*. This is all the more remarkable, as I hardly think the table alluded to was the one at which the author of "Pickwick" used to sit when correcting proofs and conducting the business of the journal. I knew the office well when his son was editor, and was often in the private room. I recollect there was a pedestal table of peculiar form, very narrow from front to back, with flaps at the side, a well made, handsome piece of furniture. I remember Charles Dickens, junior, telling me that that was the table habitually used by his father, and I remarked that if it was ever sold it would probably fetch a long price. I wonder what became of it? I also wonder what became of the quill pen, with dried blue ink still in its nibs, which had been carefully mounted and enclosed in a glass case. This was the last pen ever used in the office by the most popular of English authors.

There is but little doubt that the title of King Edward VII. is the best and most appropriate title that could be selected for the new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, and that Queen Alexandra would be the most fitting name for the new Crescent. Some people have talked of Gladstone Crescent, others would prefer Beaconsfield Crescent. Both would be equally absurd. If we introduced politicians into the nomenclature of our streets, there would be no end of trouble. We should find the titles of our thoroughfares being altered with each change of the Ministry, and if the Administration were frequently varied, a good many of us would have to change our address so often, that it would, after a time, be somewhat difficult to tell exactly where we lived.

Why were turnpikes ever abolished? I daresay you think this is an old-fashioned and unreasonable thing to ask. Perhaps it is more old-fashioned than unreasonable. It was surely a right principle that obtained in olden times, that those who wore out the roads should pay something towards their repair. Now, the people who do not use the roads at all pay just as much for keeping them in good order as those who have nothing whatever to do with them. Surely this is not just. Why should the humble pedestrian be mulcted equally with those who are perpetually on wheels? The pike was a good old common-sense institution, and I should very much like to see it revived.





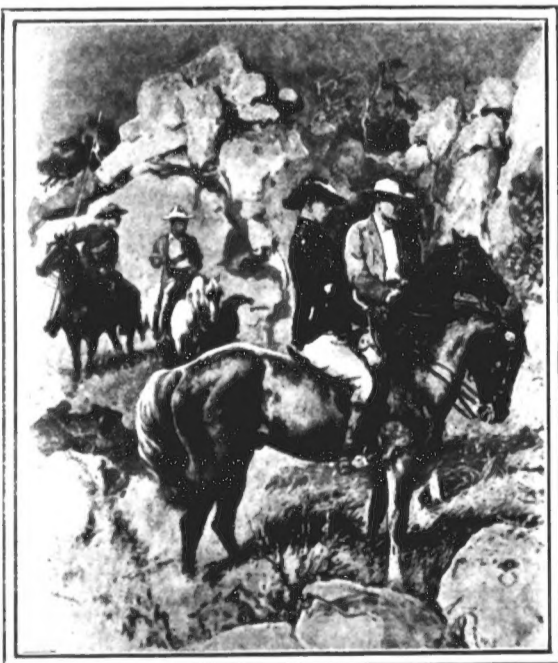
THE LATE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN IN 1891

### Cecil Rhodes

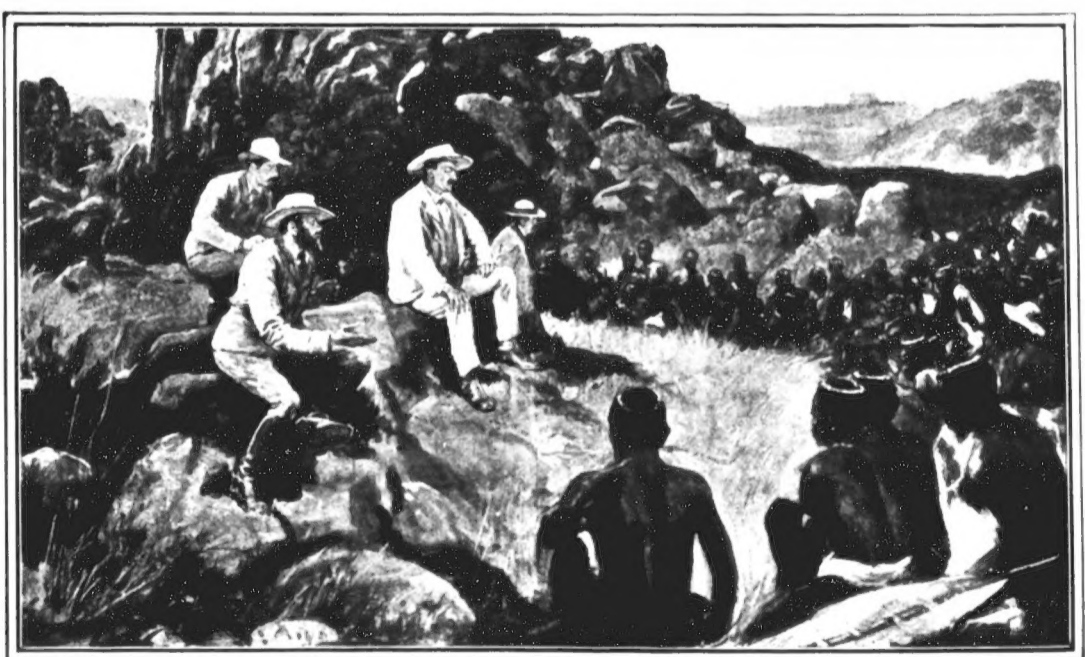
THE late Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the fourth son of a clergyman who was for twenty-seven years vicar of Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire (and who died in 1878). He was born at Bishop Stortford on July 5, 1853, and at sixteen he went to South Africa as a weakly lad to join his elder brother in cotton planting in Natal. When the Cape diamond diggings were discovered, he and his brother early took their steps thither, and in 1873 the younger of the two sojourned for nine months in the

Transvaal. Thence he returned to England and entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree, spending five years in the University and South Africa alternately. On the annexation of the Diamond Fields to the Cape Colony, he entered the Cape Parliament, and as quite a young man had his first experience of political office and high finance at the same time, by becoming Treasurer-General of the Colony, under Sir Thomas Scanlen's Premiership. After service as Deputy Commissioner in Bechuanaland in 1884-5 he figured at Kimberley as the great Amalgamator of the diamond mines, now known as that mammoth

corporation, De Beers Consolidated. Turning from Kimberley to Johannesburg—from the Cape to the Transvaal—he was the founder of the well-known Consolidated Gold Fields. In 1888 he came before the public eye prominently as a man who had given Mr. Parnell's Home Rule Fund 10,000/. A few years later saw the foundation of the Chartered British South Africa Company, of which he was the managing director in South Africa until the Raid. Before that unlucky blunder he had seen some years' office at Cape Town as Premier of the Colony, and had been made a Privy Councillor (1895), but these honours he resigned after the untoward



Mr. Rhodes and Sir F. Carrington in the Matopopo Hills  
THE MATABELE WAR, AUGUST, 1896



Mr. Colenbrander Mr. Rhodes Dr. Sauer

At this meeting some forty chiefs gave in their submission to Mr. Rhodes

THE END OF THE MATABELE WAR: THE GREAT INDABA IN THE MATOPPO HILLS, SEPTEMBER, 1896



Mr. Rhodes leaving Cape Town  
COMING HOME TO FACE THE MUSIC

event of 1896. After the Raid Inquiry he devoted himself to work in Rhodesia—the country he had added to the Empire. He there went through the native rebellion, and ultimately effected peace by an unarmed personal interview with the chiefs. Then came rapid development of the country, to be clouded over again by the outbreak of the long-expected War with the Boers, in which he was one of the defenders of Kimberley who so heroically kept the town against all assaults of the enemy during the historic siege.

Writing of Mr. Rhodes in his "Problems of Greater Britain," Sir Charles Dilke speaks of the then young man as a remarkable figure, whose wealth in itself made him a considerable power in a country where there had until then been few rich men. But although rich, and having a keen perception of the power of money, Mr. Rhodes has never been merely a rich man; his money has been the instrument he has used to procure the fulfilment of very great ideas. In the passage quoted, Sir Charles Dilke goes on to make the interesting remark that—

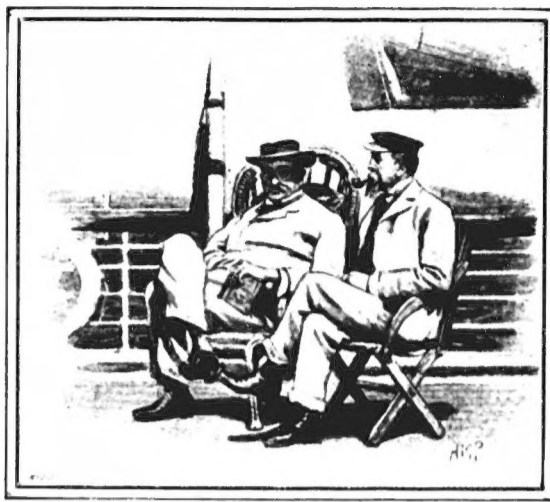
The "Diamond King," as this modest strong gentleman likes to be called, is a man of common sense who loudly proclaims the excellent principle that Dutch and English should work together for the welfare of South Africa.

Behind that ideal has always been with Mr. Rhodes the paramount passion of extending the British Empire. Speaking in Cape Town in 1898, when the Raid was beginning to recede into history, he said he

Had been under a cloud for the last two years, but he had had a high aim, which was to add 800,000 square miles to Her Majesty's Dominions.

"I am determined," he said, "to go on with my work, the work of forming a junction with Egypt, the work of close union in South Africa." The 800,000 square miles were an incident in his general policy, which was years ago defined, in a phrase often since quoted, as being "All that British," the "All that," indicated by a wave of his hand over the map, being the whole high-lying interior part of Africa. "Expansion," he declared in another Cape Town speech, "is everything."

Mr. Rhodes's progress in reputation was a good deal hindered by



Mr. Rhodes and Sir F. Carrington on board the s.s. "Dunvegan Castle,"  
on their way home, January, 1896  
"FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN"

the indiscreet eulogies of persons who lack the sense of proportion. He has been called a "Napoleon," a "Caesar," a "Colossus." He was, in fact, an unassuming, blunt Englishman, who detested affectation and bombast, but who was, in spite of all, a man of great and original ideas, and with an ability amounting to genius in politics, finance and organisation. Mr. Rhodes was a peculiar mixture of business man and dreamer. He was, indeed, an eminently practical dreamer. He belonged to that class of restless workers who perhaps follow less their ambition than the irresistible desire to work.

Mr. Rhodes, in fact, always prided himself with a certain *naïveté* on combining the imaginative with the practical. He not only dreamt, but, what is of more importance, discerned the way to make his dreams come true. Thus his right to be honoured as the originator of the "Cape to Cairo" idea has been assailed, on the ground that Sir Bartle Frere uttered it. But no one has disputed that it was Mr. Rhodes who brought the idea into all but complete realisation by telegraph and railway. It is equally true that he was not the sole proprietor of the idea of "keeping open the route to the North" from the Cape. Livingstone had this idea before Mr. Rhodes was born, and wrote that he meant to work for it at a time when Mr. Rhodes was learning to read. But that does not destroy Mr. Rhodes's claim to be the one man who counterworked German and Krugerian extension schemes in South Africa, and saved Bechuanaland and Rhodesia for the Empire.

An Afrikaner Cape Colonist, Mr. David De Waal, has said:—"The harmonious union of the two white races is the condition of progress and peace in South Africa. It is the glory of Mr. Cecil Rhodes that he, more clearly than any other Englishman, recognised this truth, and has at last secured its recognition as the axiom of South African policy, even at the Colonial Office." In the same way, in regard to Ireland, it is creditable to Mr. Rhodes that when he gave his famous cheque to Mr. Parnell it was to secure for Ireland such a form of self-government as would constitute a step, not towards the disruption of the Empire, but to its better organisation. He wrote:—

"I want Imperial Federation. Home Rule, with the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, will be the beginning of Imperial Federation."

And, again,

"I want a clause—a little clause—a permissive clause—in your next Bill, providing that any Colony which contributes to Imperial Defence—to the Imperial Army or Navy—shall be allowed to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament in proportion to its contributions to the Imperial revenue."



Mr. Rhodes being examined before the Committee appointed to inquire  
into the Jameson Raid, February 16, 1897

#### FACING THE MUSIC

Here we have Mr. Rhodes's main ideas for Imperial development—Home Rule throughout the Empire, Federations, based on equal rights, in South Africa and other organic portions, and Imperial Federation based on Imperial Defence. To crown this, he advocated *vide* his famous telegram to the New York *World*, a sympathetic understanding with the United States, because, by the two great English-speaking nations "working in perfect harmony, the peace of the world would be secured."



MR. RHODES AND LORD KITCHENER RECEIVING HONORARY  
DEGREES AT OXFORD, JUNE, 1899

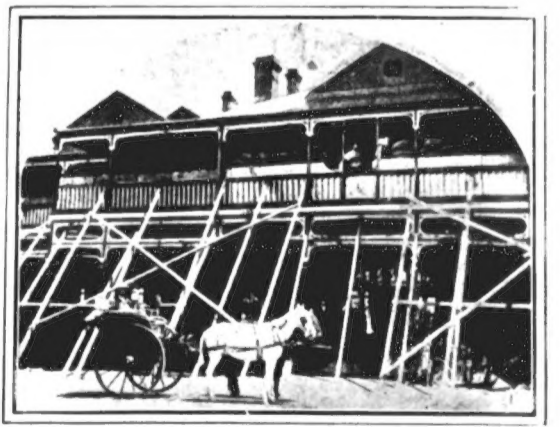


Major-General  
Baden-Powell

Sir F. Carrington  
Earl Grey

Mr. Cecil Rhodes

PEACE AFTER WAR: A HUNTING PARTY IN RHODESIA AFTER THE MATABELE WAR



Mr. Rhodes went right through the siege of Kimberley and rendered  
material assistance in the defence of the town

MR. RHODES'S HOUSE IN KIMBERLEY, BARRICADED DURING THE  
SIEGE

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Bank Holidays (to which two extra ones are now to be added), the cheap excursion trains, and the bicycles and motors, are bringing a new class of townspeople into the very heart of the quiet country, where nature has hitherto flourished undisturbed. The consequence is that the scenery, the flora and bird life of the remote districts are beginning to suffer. The love of destruction is apparently rooted in the habits of excursionists. To prevent this, the Selborne Society is issuing a notice at the railway stations in which "Don't" takes the place of "Do." Don't pick quantities of wild flowers and ferns that you throw away before the day is over; don't disturb the birds in their breeding season or take their eggs; don't uproot trees or litter waste paper about the roads and fields, are a few of their wise counsels. Surrey, I believe, is especially noted for its untidy ways. There is not a pretty spot where visitors fail to leave

Shall the child be trained by kindness or taught by punishment? We are gradually adopting the first in our schools and seminaries, and some people think we have gone too far already in our sentimentalism. There is no doubt a judicious golden mean is the best; but when experts differ who is to decide what is the golden mean?

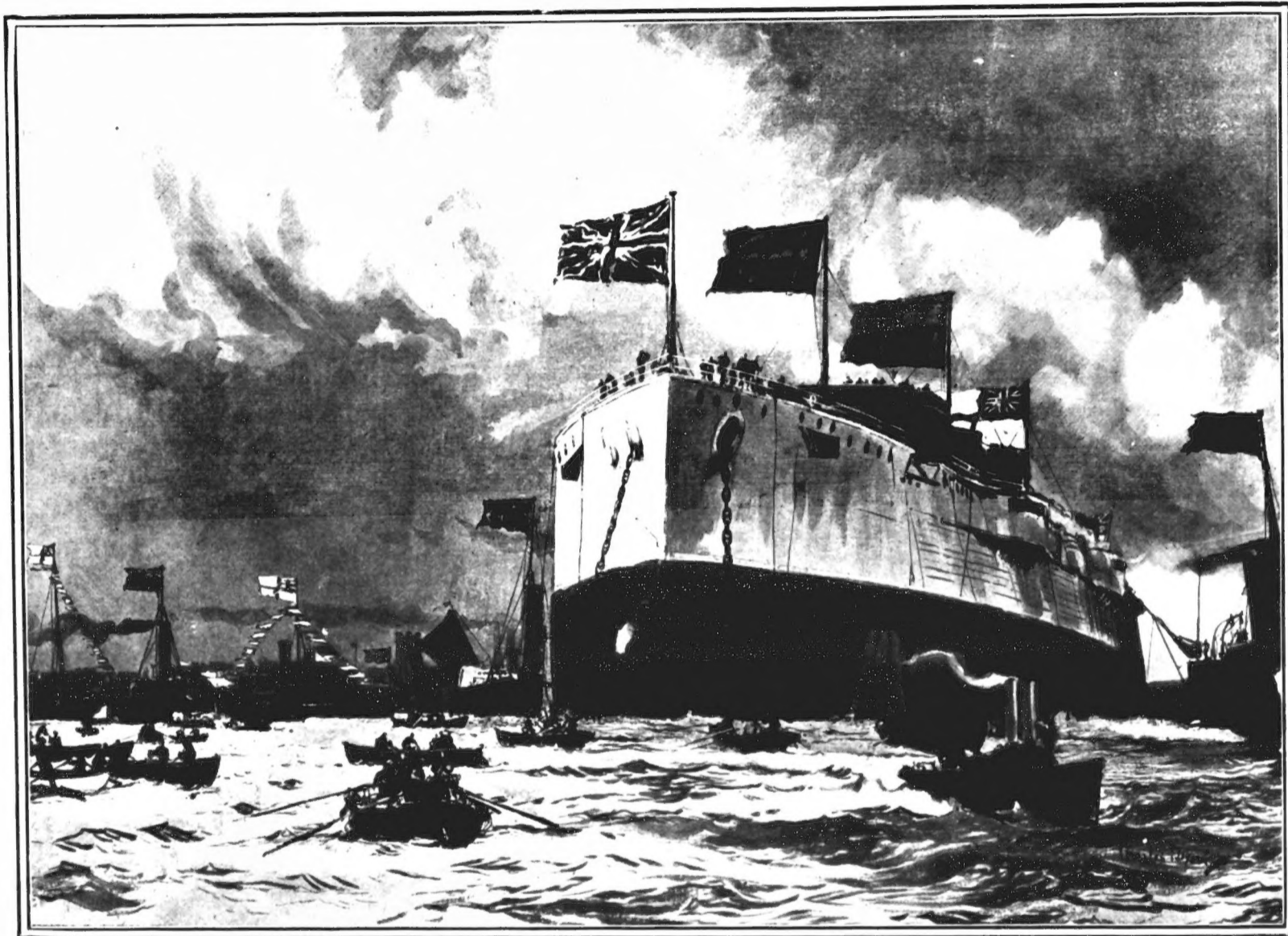
The armchair critics who sit at home and find fault with our soldiers must be pleased to note that the rich Boers in the concentration camps are allowed every luxury, including champagne. It is said that a son of Louis Botha, recovering from typhoid, is allowed two bottles of champagne a day. As a contrast, they may also like to hear that English officers and men fare alike, and eat the same rough food, and that even noblemen who are in the Militia or the Yeomanry look like navvies, are unwashed and unshaven, burnt black by the sun, and sometimes do not have their clothes off for four or five days. Yet they never complain, and do their work cheerfully, willingly, and efficiently.

An interesting address was delivered recently at the Grafton

real stuffed birds. English people like bonbons, but do not seem to care so much for the cases that contain them. The fact is, though lovely, they are useless and very expensive, and only rich people can afford them. The Parisian deals largely in these trifles, he sends them to all his friends, and especially to the actresses *à-la-mode*.

Miss Annie Luker, who has just received the Gold Medal of the Royal Aquarium Society for her services, is a model of female courage, nerve, and endurance. For eight years she has dived twice daily from the roof of the Aquarium, a distance of ninety feet. Summer and winter she has accomplished this feat, which argues an amount of will and a command of physical force very remarkable in a woman.

Many of our peeresses are ind fatigable globe-trotters. The old Duchess of Cleveland journeyed to India when she was eighty, accompanied only by a maid and a man. Lady Howard of Glossop loves quaint out-of-the-way places, and, like Mrs. Tweedie, has explored Mexico. She has just published a book of her experiences.



The Prince and Princess visited Chatham last week, and her Royal Highness named and launched the new battleship "Princess of Wales" with the usual ceremony. The vessel has a displacement of 15,000 tons, is 400 feet long, and 75 feet in the beam. Her engines will be of 20,000 indicated horsepower, and her speed nineteen knots.

### THE LAUNCH OF THE "PRINCESS OF WALES" AT CHATHAM: THE NEW BATTLESHIP AFLOAT

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

empty bottles and dirty bits of paper, young trees with their branches mangled and torn, and flowers cruelly uprooted. The presence of the excursionist is invariably signalled by ugliness, destruction, and disorder.

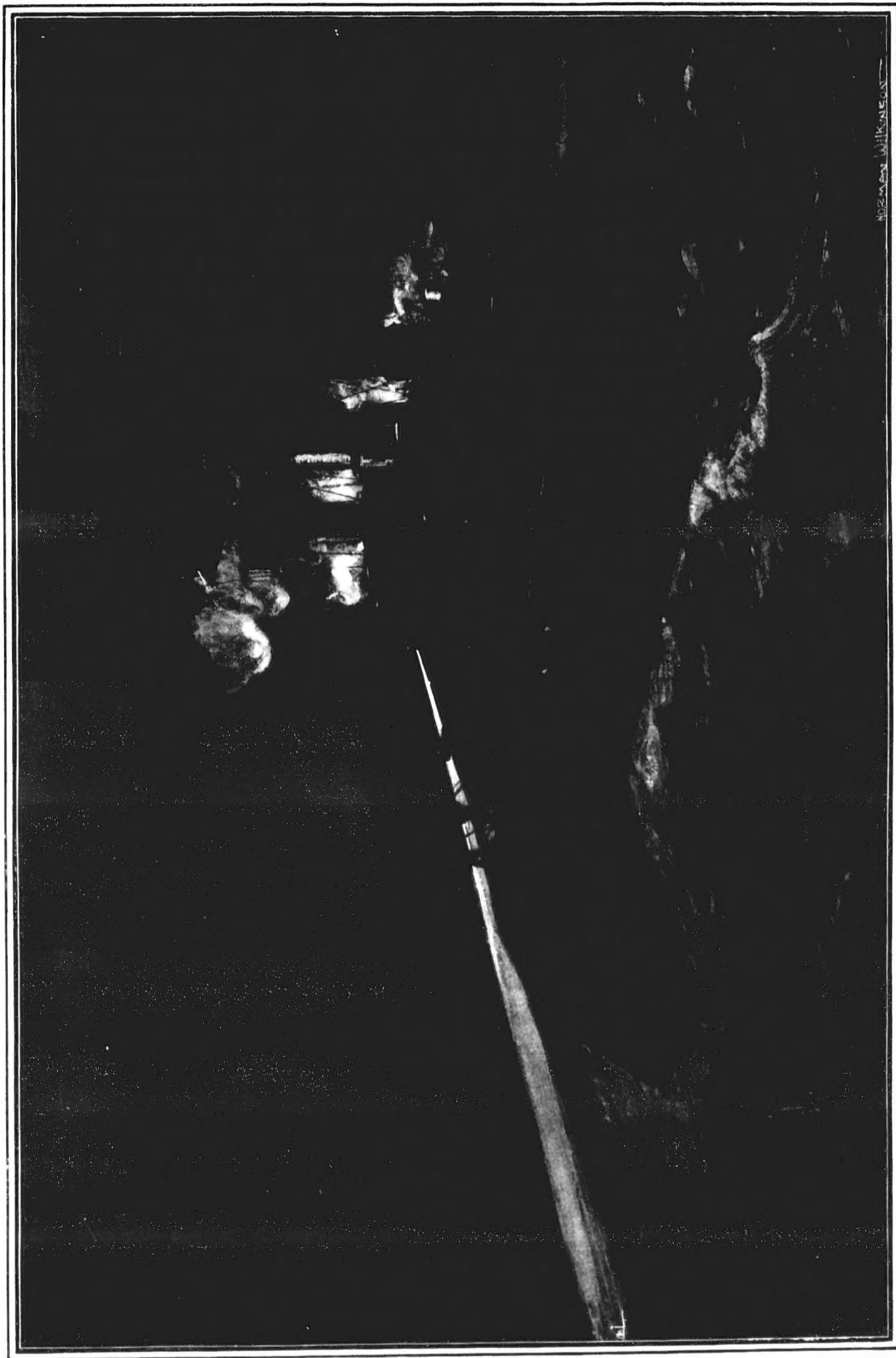
Advertisements are often amusing reading, and afford a considerable insight into character. Here are two specimens appearing in the same paper which show the diversity of mothers' opinions with regard to education. After reading them, one cannot wonder at the squabbles of the School Board. A spartan parent seeks "a really strict school where her daughter, aged nine, would be thoroughly trained in useful knowledge and morals without the preponderance of Scriptural tuition, sound, plain food and healthy surroundings." The other, evidently a good creature, advertises that "a grateful mother, whose only and delicate girl of eight is being educated in a lovely country house with the happiest surroundings, would like to recommend it." The two schemes of education differ essentially: the keynote of one is strictness, and the other happiness. It is the old, old contention of educationalists—

Gallery on the position of French women before the law. The lecturer compared the position of French and English women. The former have less liberty before marriage but more afterwards. An admirable practice is that of marital association in business as well as in the home. Many Frenchwomen are excellent helpers, and are even at the head of large businesses like the Bon Marché, in Paris: others control wine agencies, vineyards, and industrial firms. A Frenchman confides his affairs to his wife, who keeps the accounts and shares his interests. The French law permits no marriages under twenty without the consent of the parents, but divorce gives the same advantages to the wife as to the husband. In France women (though controlled in their professions and their hours of work by the law) can be advocates, and a lady, Mlle. Chauvin, has already distinguished herself very considerably in this calling. Frenchwomen are usually judged over here by their portraits in fashionable Parisian novels; but the fact is the Frenchwoman is the backbone of the house—patient, affectionate, and loving; a good wife and a good mother. The best thing in France is the Frenchwoman.

Lovely Easter eggs and confectionery are to be found in the shops just now, hand-painted fishes, satin pigs, animals of all sorts, and

This love of solitary travelling on the part of women is an essentially British trait. They are afraid of nothing, they like independence, and are sufficient unto themselves. It is the restless blood of the Anglo-Saxon working in the veins of the women, who transmit their energy and restlessness to their sons, the founders of the Empire.

We are apt to sneer at the ignorance of our predecessors, and to think everything better managed in our day. Consequently, the old fashion of home-made jams and marmalades, cakes and sweetmeats, and of the domestic medicine chest, has passed away. No young mother knows anything about drugs; if she does dabble in them, it is in that dangerous class of medicines, phenacetine, morphia, chloral and sulphonal. When a finger-ache seizes one of her household, the doctor is sent for. She talks learnedly of modern complaints, suffers a good deal from dyspepsia and neuritis, but understands nothing of childish complaints, cannot prescribe for a child in convulsions, physic a boy for the commonest ailment, or apply the right remedies to burns, sprains, wounds and aches of all kinds. Consequently the medical man's account represents a formidable item at the end of the year, and the children are none the better than they were formerly in the hands of an experienced old nurse or careful mother.

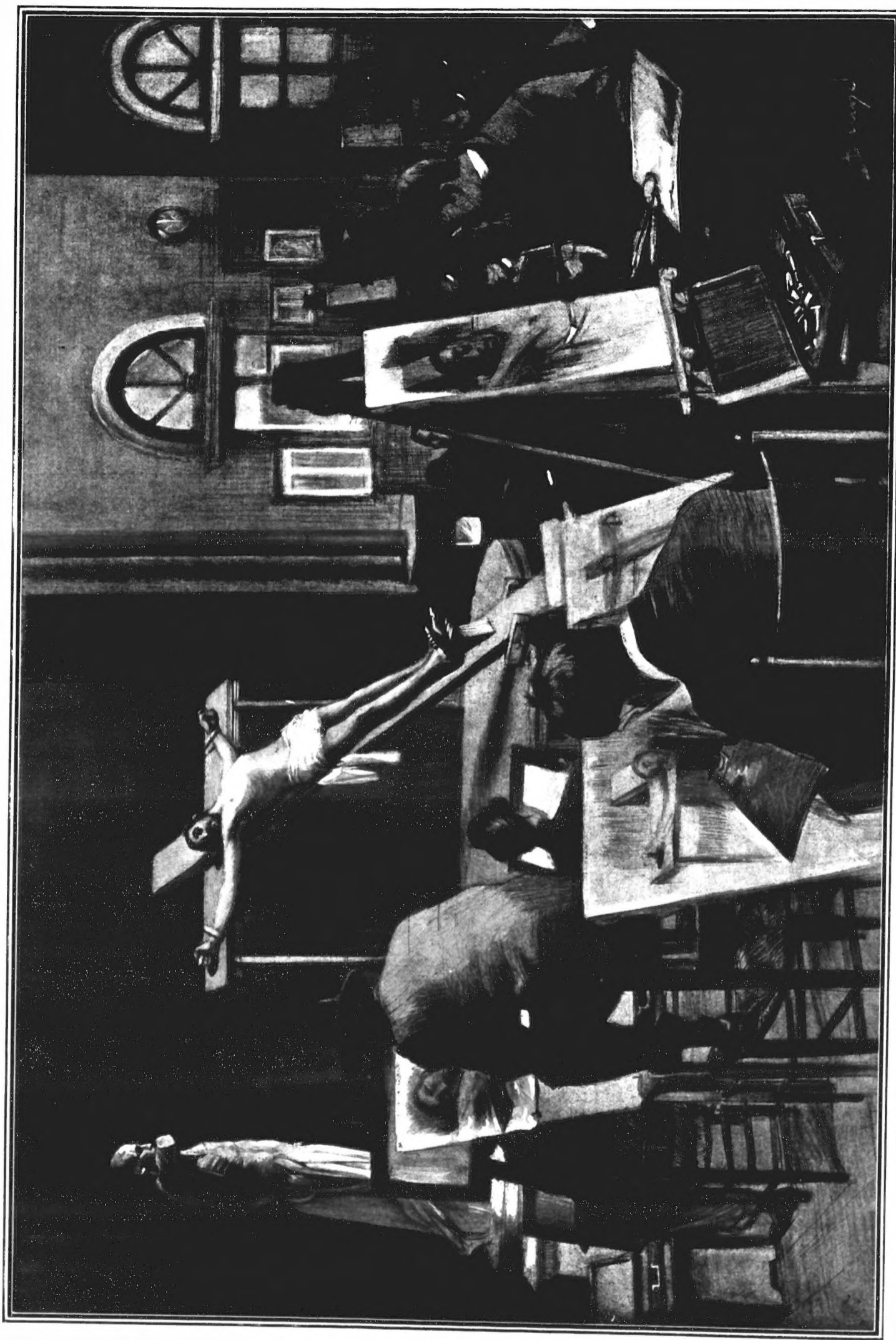


The French Admiralty has been experimenting lately with submarines. A couple of these | and succeeded in torpedoing the vessels twice. Whether the submarine boat is a practical fighting | were in the vicinity would be a great moral force, and a continual wear and strain on the craft were told off to keep two guardships from entering the roads of St. Vaast le Hongue, | machine remains to be proved by actual warfare, but the knowledge that several of these craft | officers and men of a blockading squadron

"THERE SHE IS": WHAT NAVAL WARFARE WILL BE LIKE IF SUBMARINE BOATS COME INTO USE

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.N.A.

NORMAN WILKINSON



Every year during the Passion Week at the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome an artist's model is placed upon a cross to represent the Crucifixion, and in this attitude he poses to a number of painters and sculptors  
 PASSION WEEK IN THE ART SCHOOLS AT ROME: PAINTING A CRUCIFIXION FROM LIFE  
 DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI



*"With a sharp little cry of delight, he stepped out into the moonlight, and so quick were his movements in the next moments, that the eye could scarcely follow them."*

## THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### A LIGHT TOUCH

Soon after ten o'clock Miss Mangles received a message that Netty, having a headache, had gone to her room. Miss Cahere had never given way to that weakness, which is, or was, euphoniously called the emotions. She was not old-fashioned in that respect.

But to-night, on regaining her room, she was conscious, for the first time in her life, of a sort of moral shakiness. She felt as if she might do or say something imprudent. And she had never felt like that before. No one in the

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world could say that she had ever been imprudent. That which the lenient may call a schoolgirl escapade—a mere flight to the garden for a few minutes—was scarcely sufficient to account for this feeling. She must be unwell, she thought. And she decided, with some wisdom, not to submit herself to the scrutiny of Paul Deulin again.

Mr. Mangles had not finished his excellent cigar; and although Miss Mangles did not feel disposed for another of those long, innocent-looking Russian cigarettes offered by Deulin, she had still some views of value to be pressed upon the notice of the inferior sex.

Deulin had been glancing at the clock for some time, and, suspiciously soon after learning that they were not to

see Netty again, he announced with regret that he had letters to write, and must take his leave. Cartoner made no excuse, but departed at the same time.

"I will come down to the door with you," said Deulin, in the passage. He was always idle, and always had leisure to follow his sociable instincts.

At the side door, while Cartoner was putting on his coat, he stepped rather suddenly out into the street, and before Cartoner had found his hat was back again.

"It is a moonlight night," he said. "I will walk with you part of the way."

He turned as he spoke, towards his coat and hat and stick, which were hanging near to where Cartoner had

found his own. He did not seem to think it necessary to ask the usual, formal permission. They knew each other too well for that. Cartoner helped the Frenchman on with his thin, light overcoat; and reaching out his hand, took the stick from the rack, weighing and turning it thoughtfully in his hand.

"That is the Madrid stick," said the Frenchman. "You were with me when I bought it."

"And when you used it," added Cartoner, in his quietest tone, as he led the way to the door. "Generally keep your coat in the hall?" he inquired, casually, as they descended the steps.

"Sometimes," replied Deulin, glancing at the questioner sideways, beneath the brim of his hat.

It was, as he had said, a beautiful night. The moon was almost full and almost overhead, so that the streets were in most instances, without shadow at all; for they nearly all run north and south, as does the river.

"Yes," said Deulin, taking Cartoner's arm, and leading him to the right instead of the left; for Cartoner was going towards the Cracow Faubourg, which was the simplest, but not the shortest way to the Jasna. "Yes—let us go by the quiet streets, eh? We have walked the pavement of some queer towns in our day, you and I. The typical Englishman, so dense, so silent, so unobservant—who sees nothing and knows nothing and never laughs; but is himself the laughing-stock of all the Latin races, and the piece de resistance of their comic papers. And, I, at your service, the typical Frenchman; all shrugs and gesticulations and moustache—of a politeness that is so insincere—of a heart that is so unstable. Ah! these national characteristics of comic journalism—how the stupid world trips over them on to its vulgar face!"

As he spoke, he was hurrying Cartoner along, ever quicker and quicker, with a haste that must have been unconscious, as it certainly was unnatural to one who found a thousand trifles to interest him in the streets whenever he walked there.

Cartoner made no answer, and his companion expected none. They were in a narrow street now—between the backs of high houses—and had left the life and traffic of frequented thoroughfares behind them. Deulin turned once, and looked over his shoulder. They were alone in the street. He released Cartoner's arm, through which he had slipped his left hand in an effusive French way. He was fingering his stick with his right hand in an odd manner, and walked with his head half-turned, as if listening for footsteps behind him. Suddenly, he swung round on his heels, facing the direction from which they had just come.

Two men were racing up the street, making but little noise on the pavement.

"Any coming from the other side?" asked Deulin.

"No."

"In the doorway," whispered the Frenchman. He was very quick and quite steady. And there is nothing more dangerous on earth than a steady Frenchman, who fights with his brain as well as his arm. Deulin was pushing his companion back with his left hand into a shallow doorway that had the air of being little used. The long, thin blade of his sword stick, no thicker at the hilt than the blade of a sailor's sheath knife, and narrowing to nothing at the point, glittered in the moonlight.

"Here," he said, and thrust the empty stick into Cartoner's hand. "But you need not use it. There are only two. Ah! Ah!"

With a sharp little cry of delight, he stepped out into the moonlight, and so quick were his movements in the next moments, that the eye could scarcely follow them. Those who have seen a panther in liberty, know there is nothing so graceful, so quick, so lithe and noiseless in animal life. And Deulin was like a panther at that moment. He leapt across the pavement to give one man a stinging switch athwart the cheek with the flat of the blade, and was back on guard in front of Cartoner like a flash. He ran right round the two men, who stood bewildered together, and did not know where to look for him. Once he lifted his foot and planted a kick in the small of his adversary's back, sending him staggering against the wall. He laughed, and gave little sharp cries of "Ah!" and "La!" breathlessly. He did a hundred tricks of the fencing-floor—performed a dozen turns and sleights of hand. It was a marvel of agility and quickness. He struck both men on shoulder, arm, hand, head, and leg; forwards, back-handed, from above and from below. He never awaited their attack—but attacked them. Was it not Napoleon who said that the surest way to defend is to attack?

The wonder was, that, wielding so keen a point, he never hurt the men. The sword might have been a lady's riding-whip, for its bloodlessness, from the stinging cuts he inflicted. But the whistle of it through the air was not the whistle of leather. It was the high, clear, terrifying note of steel.

The two men, in confusion, backed across the road, and finally ran to the opposite pavement, where they were half hidden by a deep shadow. Without turning, Deulin backed towards Cartoner, who stood still in the doorway.

"Even if they are armed," said Deulin, "they won't fire. They don't want the police any more than we do. Can tell you, Cartoner, it would not suit my book at all to get into trouble in Warsaw now."

While he spoke, he watched the shadows across the road.

"Both have knives," he said, "but they cannot get near me. Stay where you are."

"All right," said Cartoner. "Haven't had a chance yet."

And he gave a low laugh, which Deulin had only heard once or twice before in all the years that they had known each other.

"That's the best," he said, half to himself, "of dealing with a man who keeps his head. Here they come, Cartoner—here they come."

And he went out to meet them.

But only one came forward. They knew that unless they kept together, Deulin could not hold them both in check. The very fact of their returning to the attack—thus, with a cold-blooded courage—showed that they were Poles. In an instant, Deulin divined their intention. He ran forward, his blade held out in front of him. Even at this moment, he could not lay aside the little flourish—the quick, stiff pose—of the fencer.

His sword made a dozen turns in the air, and the point of it came down lightly, like a butterfly on the man's shoulder. He lowered it further, as if seeking a particular spot, and then, deliberately, he pushed it in as if into a cheese.

"Voilà, mon ami," he said, with a sort of condescension as if he had made him a present. As, indeed, he had. He had given him his life.

The man leapt back with a little yelp of pain, and his knife clattered on the stones. He stood in the moonlight, looking with horror-struck eyes at his own hand, of which the fingers, like tendrils, were slowly curling up, and he had no control over them.

"And now," said Deulin, in Polish, "for you."

He turned to the other, who had been moving surreptitiously round towards Cartoner, who had, indeed, come out to meet him; but the man turned and ran, followed closely by his companion.

Deulin picked up the knife, which lay gleaming on the cobblestones, and came towards Cartoner with it. Then he turned aside, and carefully dropped it between the bars of the street gutter, where it fell with a muddy splash.

"He will never use that hand again," he said. "Poor devil! I only hope he was well paid for it."

"Doubt it."

Deulin was feeling in the pocket of his top-coat.

"Have you an old envelope?" he inquired.

Cartoner handed him what he asked for. It happened to be the envelope of the letter he had received a few days earlier, denying him his recall. And Deulin carefully wiped the blade of the sword-stick with it. He tore it into pieces and sent it after the knife. Then he polished the bright steel with his pocket-handkerchief, from the evil point to the hilt, where the Government mark and the word "Toledo" were deeply engraved.

"Unless I keep it clean, it sticks," he explained. "And if you want it at all, you want it in a hurry—like a woman's heart, eh?"

He was looking up and down the street as he spoke, and shot the blade back into its sheath. He turned and examined the ground to make sure that nothing was left there.

"The light was good," he said, appreciatively, "and the ground favourable for—for the autumn manoeuvres."

And he broke into a gay laugh.

"Come," he said. "Let us go back into the more frequented streets. This back way was not a success—only proves that it never does to turn tail."

"How did you know," asked Cartoner, "that this was coming off?"

"Quite simple, my friend. I was at the window when you arrived at the Europe. You were followed. Or, at all events, I thought you were followed. So I made up my mind to walk back with you, and see. Veni, vidi, vici—you understand?"

And, again, his clear laugh broke the silence of that back street, while he made a pass at an imaginary foe with his stick.

"I thought we might escape by the quieter streets," he went on. "For it is our business to seek peace and ensure it. But it was not to be. Neither could I warn you, because we have never interfered in each other's business, you and I. That is why we have continued, through many chances and changes, to be friends."

They walked on in silence for a few moments. Then Cartoner spoke, saying that which he was bound to say in his half inaudible voice.

"It was like you, to come like that and take the risk," he said, "and say nothing."

But Deulin stopped him, with a quick touch on his arm.

"As to that," he said, "silence, my friend. Wait. Thank me, if you will, five years hence—ten years hence—when the time comes. I will tell you then why I did it."

"There can only be one reason why you did it," muttered the Englishman.

"Can there? Ah! my good Cartoner, you are a fool—the very best sort of fool—and yet, in the matter of intellect—you are as superior to me as I am superior to you in swordsmanship."

And he made another pass into thin air with his stick.

"I should like to fight someone to-night," he said.

"Someone of the very first order. I feel in the vein. I could do great things to-night—and the angels in Heaven are talking of me."

In his light-hearted way, he bared his head, and looked up to the sky. But there was a deeper ring in his voice. It almost seemed as if he were sincere.

As he stood there bareheaded with his coat open and his shirt gleaming in the moonlight, a carriage rattled past, and stopped immediately behind them. The door was opened from within, and the only occupant, alighting quickly, came towards them.

"There is only one man in Warsaw who would apostrophise the gods like that," he said. The speaker was Prince Martin Bukaty.

He recognised Cartoner at this moment.

"You," he said, and there was a sharp note in his voice.

"You, Cartoner—what are you doing in the streets at this time of night?"

"We have been dining with Mangles," explained Deulin.

"And we do not quite know what we are doing, or where we are going," added Cartoner. "But we think we are going home."

"You seem to be on the spree," said Martin, with a laugh in his voice, and none in his eyes.

"We are," answered Deulin.

"Come," said Martin, turning to send away the carriage. "Come—your shortest way is through our place now. My father and Wanda are out at a ball, or something, so I am afraid you will not see them."

"Do it," whispered Deulin's voice from behind.

And Cartoner followed Martin up the narrow passage that led to the garden of the Bukaty Palace.

(To be continued)

## The New Savoy Opera

*Merrie England*, which was produced at the Savoy on Wednesday night, is the first work of its kind and importance which has been written by Mr. Edward German without collaboration with any other composer. That clever musician, it may be recollected, was called in after the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan to finish *The Emerald Isle*; but *Merrie England* is solely his work. The music, it may be said at the outset, is thoroughly English, often with old English colour, and Mr. German has literally revelled in glees, and jigs, and country dances. The story, too, is, of course, absolutely blameless, although it deals with, if true history were to be strictly followed, the perhaps somewhat doubtful topic of the Elizabethan love scandals between Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. Evett) and the Queen's Maid of Honour, Miss Bessie Throckmorton (Miss Agnes Fraser), who, it may be recollected, eventually became Lady Raleigh. This, indeed, with the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth (Miss Brandram), and a faint suggestion of the anxiety of the Earl of Essex (Mr. Lytton) to secure the hand of the Queen for himself, is the basis of the very slight plot which Mr. Basil Hood has utilised.

The opera opens in the meadows at Datchet, with Windsor Castle in the distance. Here there are revels, the hunt of a witch (a picturesque character as depicted by Miss Jessie Pounds, with a real cat in her arms), some extraordinary antics by Wilkins, the comedian of Shakespeare's company, and a sort of open-air masque or entertainment given before Queen Elizabeth. The scene itself, under the Greenwood, with the River Thames and the Castle in the distance, the foreground peopled with a brightly dressed throng, is an extremely tasteful one. In this act also there is some of the best music, including the weird ditty of "Jill-All-Along," a drinking song for Sir Walter Raleigh, a capital glee, "Hey, Jolly Little Love," a ballad for the Maid of Honour more or less reminiscent of Ophelia's doleful song, a love-duet for her and Raleigh, a patriotic song, "The Yeomen of England," sung by Mr. Lytton, and likely to prove one of the chief successes of the piece, a fine song for Queen Elizabeth, likewise of a patriotic character, and a very elaborate first finale. Wilkins the comedian is depicted by Mr. Passmore as a species of Shakespearean clown, and his whimsical idea that he could write tragedy better than the Bard himself, and that even *Hamlet* could be improved by an occasional break-down, is vastly amusing. He also has an "alphabet" song, in which the story of Romeo and Juliet is told in this fashion:—

A was the angel he met at the ball,  
B was the beauty apparent to all,  
C is for Capulet (name which she bore),  
D the disguise which young Romeo wore!

And so on. Some of the dialogue here almost recalls the Gilbertian touch. Thus Bessie Throckmorton, in a passage of wit with Raleigh, declares she learnt in her Latin grammar, "Love, which is masculine, should be declined in all cases," to which Raleigh replies: "Love is a verb which may be conjugated thus: I love, thou lovest, and that's enough, for it requires no third person present, and there are no other moods or tenses." There is also a comical idea about love blowing its nose. Love, the author insists, must in this case be a poet.

But if love blow its nose it can't do it in prose;  
It must have a poet to blow it.

The first finale is the most elaborate number of the work. It contains an old English song for Bessie Throckmorton, one theme of which is afterwards used in the Morris dance; a capital quartet for the four tradesmen of Windsor, two waltz songs for Miss Pounds as the supposed Witch, an old-fashioned and rather conventional operatic ensemble, and a duet for the two lovers.

The interest of the second act is almost exclusively lyrical, pictorial, and humorous, for the story seems to be but very slowly advanced. Early in the act, where all the characters are gathered by Herne's Oak, there is an excellent jig; and shortly afterwards, when the May Queen is holding her revels, there is another jig, together with a rustic dance which will recall previous successes by Mr. German in his *Henry VIII.* music and elsewhere. In addition there are a tenor song for Sir Walter, a waltz song for Bessie, a topical song for Wilkins:—

There's the boy who fancies smoking is a pleasure so profound,  
That he'll very soon imagine that it makes the world go round;  
And the law-case, where you fancy there is money to be got;  
But the law is such a lottery—and lawyers draw the lot!

To say nothing of a burlesqued Masque and Fête before Queen Elizabeth, who excites considerable amusement by perpetually pulling the actors up, and compelling them to drop lengthy scenes, and stop long speeches. Some of the best music in this act is comprised in an old English duet and chorus, "The Play of Robin Hood and Little John." That *Merrie England* is admirably played by the members of the Savoy company may be taken for granted.

## Our Portraits

MR. G. J. FRAMPTON, A.R.A., the well-known sculptor, who has just been elected R.A., is forty-two years of age. He entered the Royal Academy schools in 1881, and in 1887 won a gold medal and travelling studentship. He was elected to the ranks of the Associates in 1894, and has since been, as he had been for some years previously, a regular contributor of works of sculpture, medals, etc., to the exhibitions at Burlington House. One of his finest achievements is the statue of Queen Victoria, which was erected at Calcutta, and to Londoners, perhaps, his most familiar work is the sculptured decoration on the front of the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue. Our portrait is by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

M. Koloman Tisza, the famous Hungarian Premier, was born in 1830. He was first elected a member of the Hungarian Diet in 1861, and after the suicide of Count Teleki assumed the leadership of the Left Centre. In 1875 he gave up his attitude of opposition to the Government, and assisted in the amalgamation of the Left Centre, together with the Deak party and the Liberal party. Shortly after he entered the Wenkheim Cabinet as Minister of the Interior, and later in the year became Premier. It was during this Ministry that the economic settlement of Ausgleich with Austria was concluded and the Austro-Hungarian Bank reorganised. The fresh financial difficulties in which both Austria and Hungary were involved by the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina led to the

University; also a Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella, chaplain of the Order of Malta, and a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. Our portrait is by Warneke, Glasgow.

Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke, C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., Agent-General for Victoria, was born in 1824, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1844. He served in the New Zealand campaigns of 1847-8. In 1853 he was Surveyor-General of Victoria, and he became three years later Minister of Lands at Melbourne. In 1863 he was employed on a special mission on the West Coast of Africa. From 1864 to 1873 he was Director of Works of the Royal Navy, in which capacity he designed the great dockyard extensions of that period at the home dockyards, and also at Malta and Bermuda. Then he became successively Governor of the Straits Settlements, and, from 1875 to 1880, Director of Public Works in India. From 1881 to 1886 he was Inspector-General of Fortifications at Headquarters, and in that capacity projected and executed defensive works for the coaling stations. He was promoted major-general in 1885, and lieutenant-general in 1896. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Edward Allen Brotherton, the new Conservative member for Wakefield, comes of a family whose name is well known throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire. He was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and started business at the Calder Vale Ammonia Works, Wakefield, in 1878, in partnership with others as Messrs. Dyson, Sons, and Brotherton. The business developed

1885, he was transferred to Paris, and in August, 1899, he was created a Prince under the title of Prince Derneburg. Fifteen months later he retired from public life. He was eighty-two years of age.

The Earl of Lytton, of Knebworth House, Stevenage, Herts, was to be married on Thursday, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Pamela Chichele-Plowden, daughter of Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden, K.C.S.I., of Hazelhurst, Ore, Sussex. Lord Lytton, who was born in 1876, it will be remembered, made a very favourable impression when he seconded the Address in the Lords at the opening of Parliament. Our portrait of Lord Lytton is by Lafayette, Dublin; and that of Miss Plowden by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Lieutenant-colonel Grimm, Adjutant to the Inspection Department of the Staff at Warsaw, has been arrested on the charge of high treason, being accused of delivering military documents to a foreign Power. The discovery of Colonel Grimm's treachery is said to have been brought about in this manner. The Chief of Staff, while examining some plans kept by the unfortunate officer, found among them the portrait of a woman taken by a photographer Kharkov. The police discovered that the portrait was that of the wife of a retired colonel, and on her residence being searched an enlargement of the photograph was found bearing the name of a photographer in Berlin. The police by degrees discovered Colonel Grimm was in the habit of forwarding plans and documents to her to be photographed for reproduction. Apparently she had had her own photograph enlarged by the same photographer, and had



MR. E. A. BROTHERTON  
New M.P. for Wakefield



COLONEL GRIMM  
Accused of selling Russian State documents



MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN  
Who were to be married on Thursday



THE EARL OF LYTTON



MR. G. J. FRAMPTON  
Newly elected R.A.



THE LATE M. KOLOMAN TISZA  
Hungarian Premier



THE LATE PRINCE MÜNSTER  
Formerly German Ambassador in London



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP EYRE  
Head of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland



THE LATE SIR SIDNEY SHIPPARD  
South African Statesman



THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARKE  
C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E.

resignation of the Cabinet, although the elections had just assured it a large majority. The much-assailed policy of Count Andrassy, however, gained the day in the delegations, and in December, 1878, M. Tisza was again at the head of the new Cabinet. In 1887, on the retirement of Count Szapary, he took over for a time the Ministry of Finance, provisionally transferring his own portfolio, that of the Interior, to Baron von Oreyz, but in 1889 he resigned both offices, retaining only the Premiership, which he resigned in the following year. Our portrait is by Bekei, Budapest.

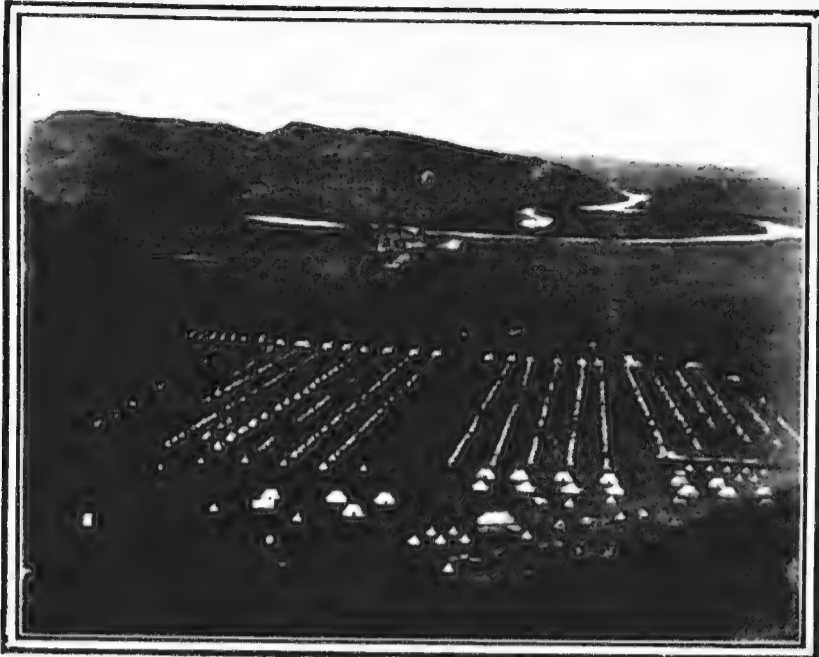
The late Archbishop Eyre was the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. He was educated at Ushaw College, Durham, and later at Rome. In 1843 he became assistant priest of St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was sent to Scotland in 1868 as vicar-general, becoming Archbishop for the Western District and Delegate Apostolic for Scotland, and in 1878 he received the title of Archbishop of Glasgow. Archbishop Eyre, who had published papers on the old Cathedral of Glasgow, was greatly respected in Scotland. In 1849 he published a history of St. Cuthbert, of which several editions have appeared. In October, 1874, he founded a diocesan seminary at Glasgow for the study of philosophy and theology at a cost of 30,000l. On the occasion of his jubilee in 1893 he was presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Guthrie, R.S.A. He also received a sum of 3,000l., which he devoted to bursaries in connection with the college he had previously founded. Archbishop Eyre, who was recognised as one of the leading antiquaries in Scotland, was an LL.D. of Glasgow

rapidly, and other branches were established in many parts of the country in 1889, Mr. Brotherton taking over the business himself, when the name of the firm was altered to Brotherton and Co. Recently the business was converted into a limited liability company, in order that the employees might participate in its profits according to their financial interests in the concern. Each employee is allowed to have two 10l. shares for every year's service with the firm. Mr. Brotherton was elected an Alderman of the Wakefield City Council last November. Our portrait is by G. and J. Hall, Wakefield.

Prince Münster was a native of London, and a son of a Hanoverian statesman who played a distinguished part at the Berlin Congress. Though born in this country, his training was entirely German. He studied at the Universities of Bonn, Heidelberg, and Göttingen, and when he reached his majority took his seat by hereditary right in the Hanoverian Upper House. In 1856 he was sent to St. Petersburg as Hanoverian Envoy, remaining there until 1864. Count Münster was one of the first Hanoverian statesmen to acquiesce in the annexation of his country by Prussia and to take service under Prince Bismarck. He was a confirmed Imperialist, and he agitated for the federation of the German States, under a Prussian Emperor, as early as 1868. Until 1873 he was an active and influential member of the Imperial Reichstag. In that year Prince Bismarck appointed him Ambassador in London. He held this post for twelve years with marked success, and no foreign diplomatist was more popular in London Society. In November,

neglected to withdraw the photograph from the parcel of plans returned by her to Colonel Grimm. It is said that a number of high Russian officers, including numerous Generals, are implicated in the matter, and it is certain that the discovery has thoroughly disorganised the well-laid plans of the Russian Headquarters Staff. Every single plan of combined mobilisation, and both the offensive and defensive arrangements made by Russia for fully eight years past are said to be known to Germany.

Sir Sidney Shippard, K.C.M.G., was a distinguished South African, and colleague of Mr. Rhodes, whom he preceded at Oriel College. His father had been a soldier, and his grandfather an admiral, but he took to the law, and entered the Inner Temple in 1867. Emigrating to Cape Colony, he became Attorney-General of Griqualand West in 1873, and member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. In 1877 he was appointed Acting Recorder of the local High Court. Between 1880 and 1885 he occupied a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony. His best remembered work was done in Bechuanaland, where, first as Administrator, Chief Magistrate and President of the Land Commission, and afterwards as Resident Commissioner of the Protectorate, he carried out the policy of Mr. Rhodes, and paved the way for annexation to Cape Colony. He was ten years in Bechuanaland, and only retired in 1895, when the Protectorate was abolished and the territory absorbed by Cape Colony. Sir Sidney was a strong supporter of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain in South Africa. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAMP



CLEANING DAY



IN THE GARDEN



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GARDEN



CARPENTER'S, BUTCHER'S AND SHOEMAKER'S SHOPS



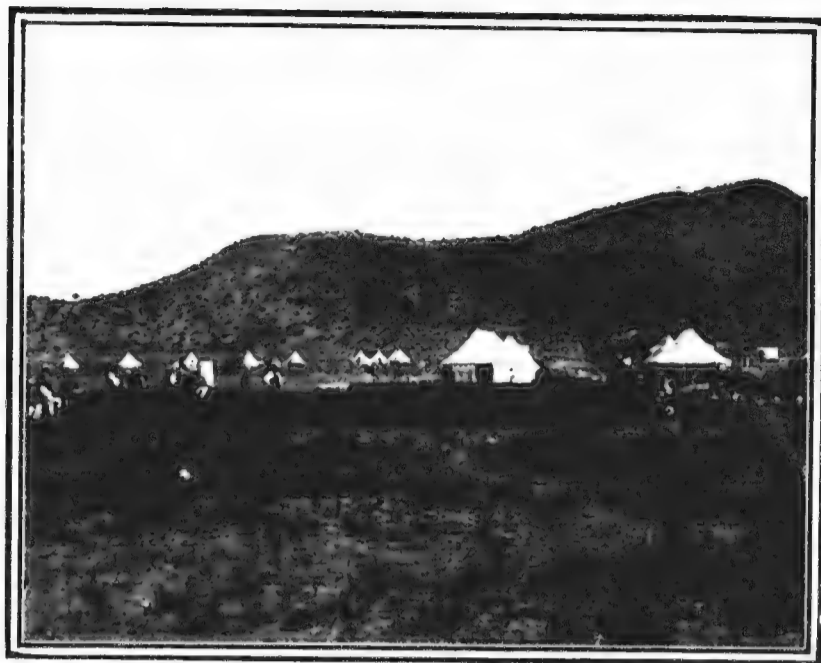
CHILDREN AWAITING THE DISTRIBUTION OF TOYS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

SCENES IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT NORVAL'S POINT

From Photographs by a British Officer



ISSUING VEGETABLE RATIONS



THE BRICKYARD



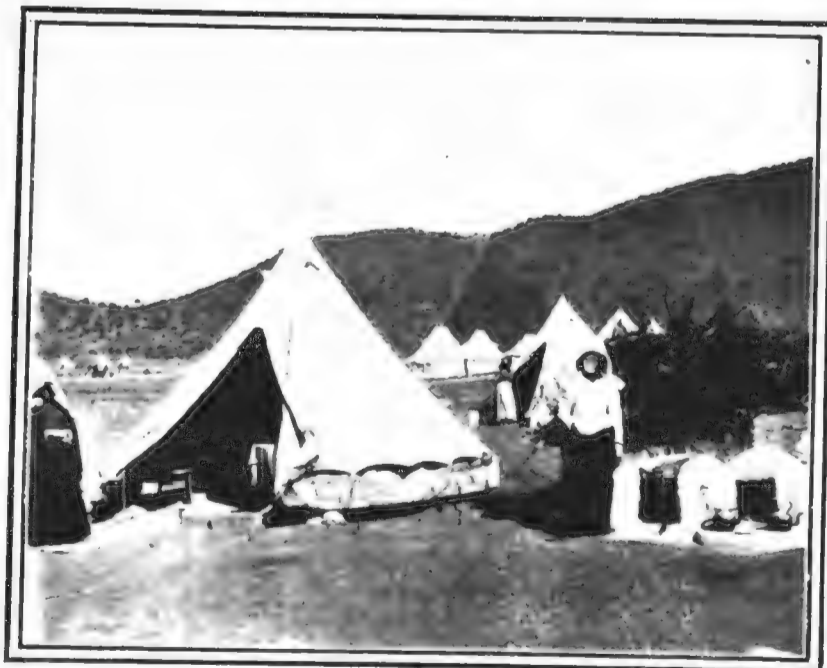
STEPPING-STONES ACROSS THE RIVER: REFUGEES BRINGING BACK FIREWOOD



A CORPORAL ISSUING RATIONS



THE STAFF OF THE OFFICER IN COMMAND



A TYPICAL TENT, WITH OVEN

SCENES IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT NORVAL'S POINT

From Photographs by a British Officer

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

### "DR. NIKOLA"

THE authors of the new play at the PRINCESS'S Theatre were, no doubt, prepared to be reminded that it awakens slight reminiscences of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins's story and drama, *The Moonstone*, and is not wholly without indications of the influences of *Sherlock Holmes*. These, however, are matters of which playgoers who have a robust appetite for melodrama are not wont to take much count. For the simple-minded spectator delighting in romantic drama of that thrilling and exciting kind which, before the vast development of theatrical enterprises in the borders and outer fringes of the town, used to be called "suburban," it is enough that he is presented with a work of a duly picturesque and moving nature. For the rest, though Messrs. Ben Landeck and Oswald Brand have dealt boldly with their materials, they make no secret that their play has its origin in Mr. Guy Boothby's popular romance; or rather, it should be said that they publicly proclaim the fact in the title of their play and in the portraits of their mystic hero which look down upon us just now from all the hoardings of London. Four long acts, which open in England and bear us away to Port Said and Sydney, are devoted to the evil machinations of Dr. Nikola and his tools and accomplices, who are bent on depriving the heroine, Phyllis Weatherall, of a certain piece of wood supposed to be a charm of such mystic power that he who can obtain possession of it will be empowered to rule over a certain province of the Chinese Empire. It would be long to tell how Nikola, having failed to accomplish his purpose by bringing to bear on the gentle Phyllis the hypnotising powers with which he is so plentifully endowed, endeavours to ruin her by marrying her to a disreputable impostor masquerading as the Duke of Glenbarth; or how, failing again in this, he imprisons Phyllis's faithful and gallant lover, Sir Richard Hatteras, together with the real Duke of Glenbarth, in an underground room of a mysterious house in Macquarrie Street, Sydney. Motives in plays of this kind are not to be too closely inquired into. Villains of melodrama, moreover, have long enjoyed the privilege of pursuing their objects by methods which seem to outsiders to exhibit little token of that preternatural astuteness with which they are, nevertheless, generally credited. In the end, it need hardly be said that the Doctor's schemes, whether well laid or not, "gang aley," and happiness or retribution are allotted to the lovers and their persecutors according to their deserts and to the full satisfaction of the PRINCESS'S audiences. Mr. Charles Glenney plays the hero, Sir Richard Hatteras, in the bold and breezy fashion which is one of the settled traditions of melodrama, and Miss Gertrude Scott is able to awaken much sympathy for the persecuted Phyllis. As to Dr. Nikola, though he is not quite so imposing as in the novel, the part is in the hands of Mr. Joynsen-Powell impressive in an intermittent way. The indispensable low comedy "relief" is furnished by Mr. Robson Paige as a hypocritical clerical tutor, or "bear-leader," as our forefathers were wont to say, and Miss Naomi Neilson as a pleasantly pert and skittish young lady.

Though the production of the new Drury Lane drama, *Ben-Hur*, comes too late for notice this week, we are able to give an illustration of the great chariot race, which is to be one of the most remarkable stage spectacles London has seen. Sixteen horses gallop on revolving platforms worked by electric motors, and a most striking effect is obtained when at the end of the race they are apparently charging down on to the orchestra. It was the necessity of more fully rehearsing this scene which necessitated the adjournment of the production from Monday to Thursday. General Lew Wallace's story in its dramatised form has been a huge success in America, and there seems every prospect of Londoners equally appreciating the tragic story of the young Jew who gives his name to the play.



THE LORD MAYOR BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE BLUECOAT BOYS  
Drawn by P. B. Hickling

One of the dramatic successes of a season which has not counted too many, has been *Mice and Men*, which has brought about the welcome re-appearance of Mr. Forbes Robertson and his charming wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott. We publish this week a number of scenes from Mrs. Ryley's play, illustrating the story of the old bachelor who brings up a foundling child with the intention of making her his wife, only to find that while she is ready to marry him out of gratitude, all her heart is given to a younger man. The story is pretty, and as Mark Embury Mr. Forbes-Robertson shows all his old restraint and pathos.



COLONEL HAY  
The last Warden of Christ's Hospital

## A Concentration Camp

NORVAL PONT Refugee Camp is situated at the south side of the great Orange River, at the point where it separates the Orange Free State from Cape Colony. Its position is most picturesque, being surrounded by well-wooded hills and by an abundance of flowering trees. A broad and well-kept road runs from the camp to the river. The refugees are housed partly in commodious tents and partly in houses. The latter are built of bricks which have been made on the spot by the refugees themselves. School accommodation has been provided for nearly 600 children, and their attendance has been made compulsory at school, where the tuition is in English. Ample hospital accommodation is also provided. Vegetables are supplied from gardens within the camp; these are grown by the people of the camp themselves. In addition to a supply of vegetables, each individual is entitled to receive three to four pounds of either fresh or cold-storage meat weekly, infants receive a bottle of fresh milk daily, whilst children above twelve years of age and adults are given a liberal supply of tinned milk as well as jams. The rations are served by corporals, who speak and have to make their reports in English. The superintendent, his assistant, doctor, nurses and clergyman are English; the remainder of the staff are taken from the refugees. In addition to the shops shown there are four additional stores kept by private dealers, where fruits, vegetables, fish, as well as ordinary articles of drapery, may be obtained at reasonable prices. Great care is taken with the sanitary arrangements of the camp. Firewood may be gathered at discretion, and as some of the wood is suitable for the construction of furniture, advantage has been taken by some of the people to construct wooden bedsteads. The camp is supplied with fresh water from a well, and a large tank, containing 600 gallons, is kept constantly filled, whilst five water-carts are in use to supply water where required. Washing may be done in the river or in galvanised tanks freely supplied for this purpose. Two tennis lawns have been laid out, whilst cricket and football are heartily indulged in. Matches are played between refugees of one camp and those of another. A band of musicians is in course of formation. The little ones are from time to time the recipients of a variety of toys, and a very happy and well-kept company they appear to be. In one of our illustrations they are anxiously awaiting to receive each a little Christmas present. Permission is granted for friends to visit the camp, whilst, on application being made, refugees are allowed, on paying their own expenses, to visit friends in the adjoining camps, and those who have not the means to do so are sent (when a sufficient number has been made up), free of expense, the superintendent applying to the railway people for the loan of a truck, which is always granted. The superintendent, who is the centre figure in one group and surrounded by his staff, is Mr. H. N. Hemans, late of Plumer's force.

## Bluecoat Boys at the Mansion House

MORE than the usual interest was taken in the annual Easter reception of the Christ's Hospital boys at the Mansion House this week, as it was the last time that they will be received in this way, the school being shortly about to be removed to Horsham. The boys were assembled in the Egyptian Hall, and were addressed by the Lord Mayor, who referred to the coming removal, and said that all true citizens would miss and regret the Bluecoat boys. At the call of the senior Grecian (P. W. Blunden) three cheers were given by the boys for the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The civic party afterwards adjourned to the saloon, where, in the presence of a large gathering, the lads walked in procession before the Lord Mayor, who, having been provided with a bag of new coins from the Mint, handed each of the fourteen Grecians a guinea, each of the ten junior Grecians half-a-guinea, each of the thirty-four monitors 2s. 6d., and the others 1s.



The Matron (Miss Minnie Griffin)



Peggy (Miss G. Elliott) and Mrs. Deborah (Miss Rorke)



Peter (Mr. W. Farrer, Jun.) and Miss Deborah (Miss Rorke)



Peggy (Miss G. Elliott) and Mark Embury (Mr. Forbes Robertson)



Mark Embury (Mr. Forbes Robertson) and Peggy (Miss G. Elliott)

## "MICE AND MEN" AT THE LYRIC: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company



"BEN-HUR," THE NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE: THE CHARIOT RACE  
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L.





ON THE RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER: BURIAT AMAZONS ON A MOUNTAIN PATH  
DRAWN BY W. SMALL

## Cecil Rhodes: A Study

By A. R. COLQUHOUN

It will be an easier task for the biographer to take up the story of Cecil Rhodes when that story has ceased to belong to the tangled web of contemporary political history. At present many who had but the briefest acquaintance with the Colossus are recording their impressions of him, others who had better opportunities are giving to the world the side of him which they consider ought to be better known, while a few who knew him well and are capable of impartial judgment are silent and must remain so until a less critical hour. Very few great men have been fortunate in their biographers, still fewer have had a Boswell or a Busch to kodak them at every point of their career, and it is more than doubtful if Cecil Rhodes, who possessed a character of unusual complexity, will ever be elucidated to a world curious as to its great men but ever impatient of paradoxes.

Cecil Rhodes was one of the most paradoxical of beings, and the greatest paradox in his nature was that, with all his seeming contradictions, he knew how to stick tenaciously to a single purpose. A man of burly frame he was nevertheless afflicted with mortal disease; a man of action, hating pens and paper, he was yet a keen student; a sworn foe to red tape, he was a stern disciplinarian and brooked no opposition in his subordinates; energetic and restless to an extraordinary degree, he cared nothing for sport. Extremely passionate, giving way when angered to torrents of invective, he could yet calm himself in a moment, and when necessary was extremely cool and conciliatory. Silent and unresponsive as a rule, he was at times almost garrulous and let loose a perfect torrent of talk. At such times his ideas, some great, others trivial, were all jumbled together as he talked; but when he spoke in public—as he did seldom, and never except with a special reason—he spoke to the point, with force and directness.

Rhodes's attitude towards money was peculiarly characteristic. He regarded it purely as a means—an essential means—to an end. His oft-quoted remark to General Gordon about the room of gold which that officer had refused was repeated to the writer *adrapos* of railways he had projected for connecting India and China. "The idea is all right," said Rhodes; "you've got the ideas, the imagination, but you've got no money. Money is the motive force; great ideas are no good without that." Although far from lavish as a rule, Rhodes could on occasion act with great generosity, especially to anyone to whom he had taken a fancy. The writer recollects a raw Yorkshire lad, without interest or introduction, who forced his way, despite remonstrances, into Mr. Rhodes's presence, and, being asked roughly what he could do, replied, "Anything! Sweep the floor, if you like." The plucky lad got a place in the Pioneer Corps, which had been denied to many with influential friends, and laid the foundations of a successful career. Rhodes never forgot him. So far as money could save him time and trouble, Rhodes would spend lavishly, but his personal expenditure was modest. When the writer was with him, during the early making of Rhodesia,

he wore the oldest and shabbiest clothes, and had a great affection for an old felt hat, without which he was never seen. He ate and drank heartily, and liked a good table and wine, but was in no sense an epicure. The after-dinner hour brought his expansive mood, when, with a few intimate friends, he would chat and joke, being very fond of "chaffing."



The Vicarage, Bishop's Stortford  
THE HOUSE WHERE MR. RHODES WAS BORN

Much has been said of Mr. Rhodes's aversion to women, but the writer is inclined to think that his avoidance of their society was a deliberate policy, because he feared to fall under their influence, or in any way allow them to get mixed up with the affairs he was directing. Discretion in this case he felt to be the better part of valour, and although it is a delicate matter to touch on, it is almost safe to say that of all the great men the world has ever seen Cecil Rhodes was least influenced by women.

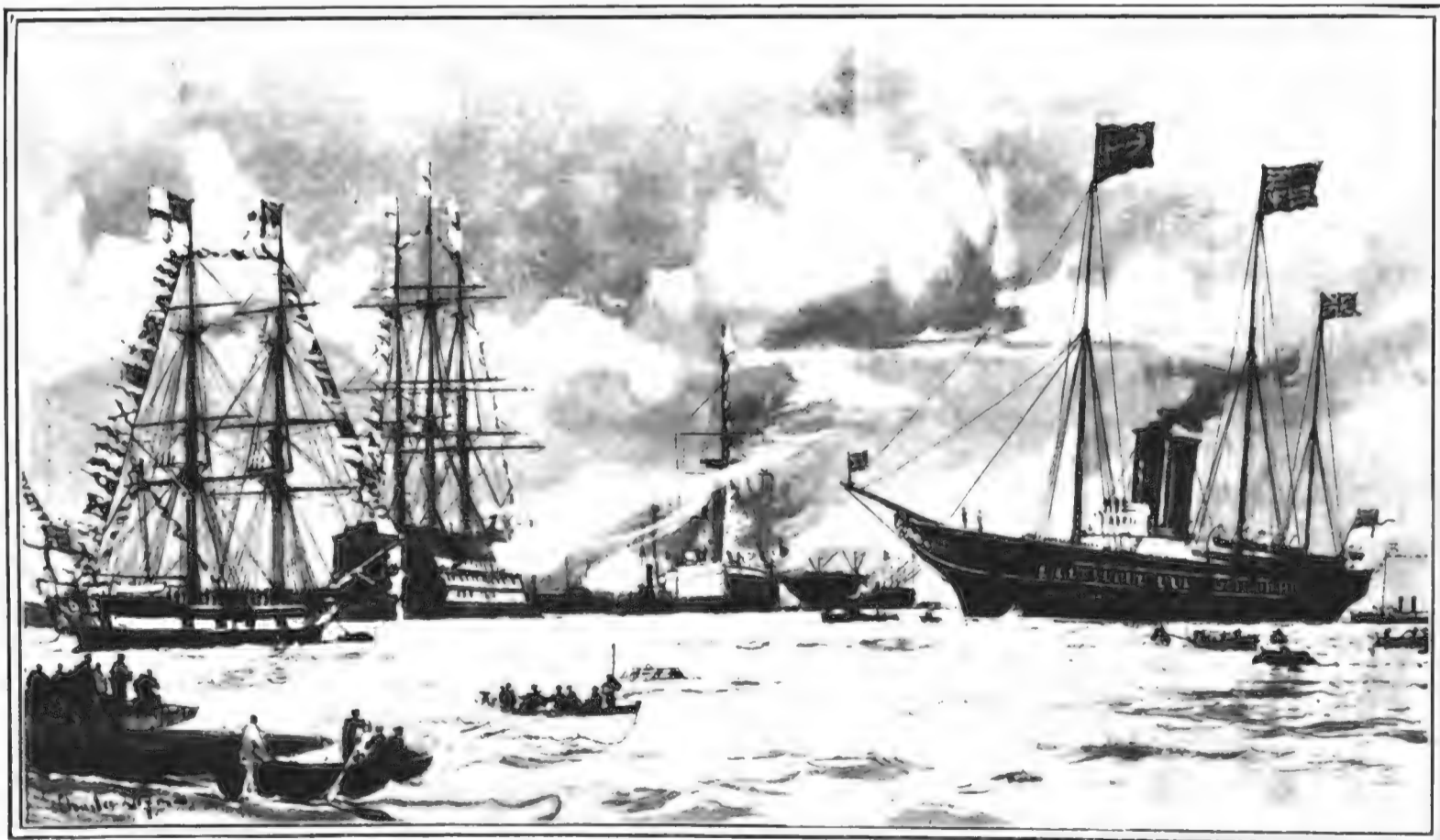
One of the most debated points in his character was his attitude towards the natives of South Africa. The general impression is that he was harsh towards them in his policy, but despite this he was the originator of the Glen Grey Act, the most statesmanlike effort to deal with the native question and do justice. There are those, however, who regard him as a sort of benevolent champion of the oppressed black, and it is stated by one of these that so great was Rhodes's love for the African that he had none but native servants at Groot Schuur. This was certainly not the case when the writer stayed there, and as a matter of fact, Rhodes's view of the native question was a purely practical one. He wanted to make them as good citizens as possible, and he advocated a policy which would

treat them as children and discipline them gradually along the road of progress whether they liked it or no.

The intensely practical view which he took of almost every subject, regarding it always from the standpoint of how it could serve him and forward the great schemes he had in his brain, is well illustrated by his reading. He cared only for books from which he could learn something of other countries, of men in the past and men in the present, of modes of government and processes of civilisation. All this was useful to him. Nevertheless—strangest paradox of all, perhaps—he had the inestimable gift of imagination, the gift so often denied to nineteenth century Englishmen, and it was this which made his plans so much broader and more stirring than those of his fellow-statesmen, which gave him the Elizabethan stamp.

A great man—great in ideas, in capacity, in energy and, above all, endowed with the magic of a personality which carried other men along without their knowing why or how—Cecil Rhodes had his limitations. Those who knew him in the zenith of his success would never have suspected where those limitations lay. They would have said that he, of all men living, knew the Boers, understood them, had his finger on the pulse of their national life. Up to a certain point in his career, this knowledge and judgment stood him in good stead, and then came the Napoleonic blunder—the miscalculation, the over-confidence in himself and his star.

The political bearing of this blunder is not matter for these random notes on a great man's character, but the writer, who has puzzled hard and long to account for the lack of foresight displayed in the inception of the Jameson Raid, can only offer as an explanation the fact that, like Napoleon, Rhodes brooked no opposition, would listen to no counsel. Such a habit of mind, growing more and more set as years went on, tended to weed out from his advisers all save those who were under his influence, and the too complete reliance and belief they had in his genius and good fortune unbalanced his judgment. He did not think it possible that he should fail, and his oft-quoted remark, when the fatal news reached him of Jameson's surrender, showed how little he grasped the fact that the scheme was foredoomed to failure from the outset, because, like many others, he had miscalculated the power and resources of the enemy. This self-reliance and belief in his own judgment had always been a great feature in Rhodes's character, but added to it in earlier years was a certain cautious prudence. The first great check in his career of success undoubtedly shook his nerve, but it could not impair that part of him which might have been of inestimable value to his country. While much is written of his force and daring, and while the writer admits the prominence of these traits, he is anxious to direct the minds of his readers towards a quality of equal value, greater rarity and more instructiveness. It is as a statesman of imagination that Rhodes did his great life work, and it is as the founder of Rhodesia, the first to originate the idea of practical federation, the champion of the colonies and of a united Greater Britain, that he will live in the annals of our Empire.



The "Seafarer"

The "Victory"

The "Victoria and Albert"

Under bright conditions, the King started for his Easter cruise on Thursday evening last week. As soon as the luggage had been transferred from the train to the yacht the vessel was cast off, and headed out of harbour, the guards presenting arms as the band played the National Anthem, His Majesty saluting in

acknowledgment. More Royal salutes were fired by the flagship and the garrison batteries as the "Victoria and Albert" steamed towards the Solent.

THE KING'S YACHTING HOLIDAY: THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

## The King's Champion

FOR the first time since His Majesty's accession, the State apartments of Windsor Castle were thrown open to the public last Monday. A great change has taken place, more especially in the St. George's Hall and Guard Chamber, where the magnificent and unique collection of arms and armour have been re-arranged, with much taste, by the King's Armourer, Mr. Guy Laking. One of the chief attractions, last Monday, was the King's Champion, now standing in the Guard Chamber. It represents Sir Christopher Hatton, Captain of the Guards to Queen Elizabeth, who figured conspicuously in the annals of that Sovereign. The suit of armour, which is of russet steel, engraved with Arabesque ornaments in gold introducing two E's interlaced, surmounted by a crown, is, perhaps, the most perfect and beautiful of its kind in existence. It has had a most chequered career, and by mere chance has now at last returned to its original home. The suit was specially made for Sir Christopher Hatton by the Queen's Armourer, Jacobus, at Greenwich, and was worn by Sir Francis Dymoke at the Coronation of George the Fourth. Sir Francis retained the suit as his perquisite, while it eventually passed through several hands, and was purchased at the Spitzer sale, in Paris, for a large sum of money and presented to the King. It was then discovered that, amongst the collection of armour at Windsor were the camail, hump-plates and chanfron of the horse-armour belonging to the suit. Whereupon His Majesty, who takes a great interest in armour, desired that the Knight should be mounted. The work has been carried out by a young sculptor, Mr. Felix Joubert, who modelled the horse and the effigy, the latter being studied from an old portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. Taken as a whole the model is a very interesting work of art. Every detail has been carefully noted—the man's dress, the horse's trappings, and the modelling of the horse itself. Yet all these details do not detract from the chief point of interest, viz., the armour; on the contrary, they show up all its beauty and give a life-like interest to the figure.

## Tattersall's

PROBABLY to all English-speaking nations there is no more familiar word than "Tattersall's," and country people visiting London for the first time, no less than Colonial and American arrivals, are all anxious to see the famous establishment at Albert Gate, which amongst horse repositories stands alone, unrivalled and unapproached. It may be that nowadays, in these very active times, there are similar establishments in other quarters of the globe, which in mere point of area are larger than "Tattersall's," and it is possible that elsewhere as many, or even more, horses may pass under the hammer in the course of a twelvemonth; but it such be the case the reputation of such places is not world-wide, and they are to the original "Tattersall's" as is a country racecourse to Epsom, Ascot, or the famous Newmarket Heath.

No mushroom establishment is the great Horse Exchange at Albert Gate, for though the present premises have only been in use since 1865, the firm had, prior to that date, a life of 100 years at Hyde Park Corner, or, to be very exact, at



Mr. Reitz



Mr. Lucas Meyer



Mr. Schalk-Burger

THE BOER PEACE DELEGATES WHO HAVE BEEN ALLOWED BY LORD KITCHENER TO PASS THROUGH THE BRITISH LINES TO MEET EX-PRESIDENT STEYN



THE KING'S CHAMPION IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE.  
A SKETCH BY C. CLARK

the top of Grosvenor Place, alongside St. George's Hospital. Here was the famous "Corner" so much frequented by racing men of four generations, and here the weekly sales of blood-stock, hunters and harness horses were inaugurated, so long ago that the present proprietors of the business are the fifth generation of their family. "Tattersall's" was established by Mr. Richard Tattersall in 1766, that gentleman having acquired a ninety-nine years' lease of the premises from Lord Grosvenor, and with the London business there came into existence extra and even more important functions in connection with the sale of thoroughbred stock. These sales were at one time held for the most part in London, but gradually it became the custom to sell thoroughbreds at Newmarket, Doncaster, and other suitable places, and from the earliest days such sales have been a monopoly of the Tattersall family.

and have formed, probably, the most profitable part of their business. One hundred and thirty-seven years ago the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and other great races were all things of the future, but racing was greatly on the increase, and so much money, time and attention were being devoted to it, that it became necessary to have some place of exchange, where accounts could be settled and horses bought and sold. A club was therefore formed, under the auspices of Mr. Richard Tattersall, and until some twenty years ago the weekly settlement of accounts took place on Mondays at Hyde Park Corner, and afterwards at Albert Gate. The club is still in existence, and its rules and regulations are still rigidly adhered to by the best sort of turfites, but most of the "settling" is done elsewhere, and now the crowd which is to be found at Albert Gate, on every Monday of the year, is entirely concerned with the buying and selling of horses.

Mr. Richard Tattersall, the founder of the business, was a celebrity in his day, and being a first-rate sportsman and a shrewd business man who commanded the respect of all classes, he quickly rose to eminence in his profession, and since his time the business of "Tattersall's" has moved on hand in hand with the business of racing, so that the two have for years been indissolubly linked. Of the founder of the firm many stories are told; it is said that in his frequent journeys to and from London to his residence at Highflyer Hall, near Ely, he went scot free of the highwayman, and that on the Newmarket road his person was quite sacred. In fact, he often travelled alone, without escort, but history does not record his ever being robbed, and his popularity was as great among the knights of the road as it was in Royal or noble circles. He owned the great horse Highflyer. The horse stood sponsor to his residence, and at his own table the toast of "The Hammer and Highflyer" was regularly honoured. Mr. Richard Tattersall died in 1795, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, who was at the head of affairs until 1810. In due course he gave way to his son, a second Richard Tattersall, who carried on the business until 1851. He was succeeded by his son Richard, and by his nephew Edmund, of which the former died in 1871, while the last Mr. Edmund Tattersall lived to a ripe old age, and only died four years ago, having been in harness almost to the last. A genial, courteous gentleman was the last Mr. Edmund Tattersall, and a wonderful judge of stock. He married somewhat late in life, and left three young sons in the business, Mr. Somerville Tattersall, the present head of the firm, and Messrs. Harry and Rupert Tattersall; and of



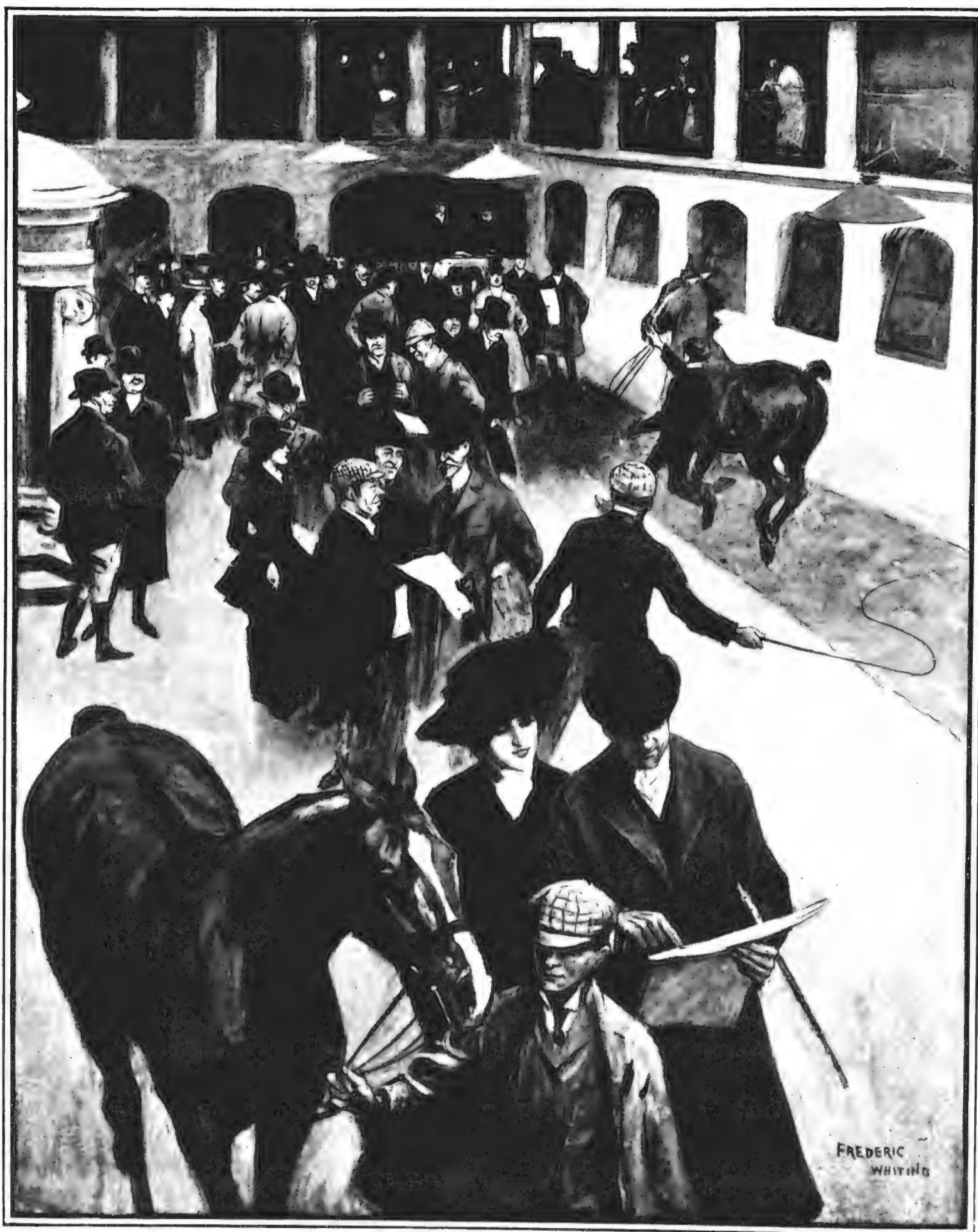
THE GARDEN FRONTAGE



THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, WHICH THE KING IS HANDING OVER TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A RESIDENCE

From Photographs by H. N. King



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DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FRED WHITING

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10 0 by 8 6	2 17 0
10 1 by 6 3	2 0 0
10 0 by 7 3	2 4 0
12 4 by 9 2	3 10 0
12 2 by 9 3	3 3 0
12 5 by 10 4	4 13 0
12 6 by 9 3	3 4 0
12 4 by 12 5	4 5 0
12 1 by 9 5	3 16 0
12 8 by 9 3	3 5 0
12 1 by 9 1	3 0 0
12 6 by 9 4	2 19 0
12 4 by 9 3	2 17 0
12 5 by 9 2	3 3 0
12 1 by 9 1	3 2 0
13 1 by 10 2	3 14 0
13 0 by 9 2	3 13 0
13 3 by 9 7	3 10 0
13 5 by 9 5	3 10 0
13 2 by 10 0	3 14 0
13 3 by 9 5	3 15 0
13 2 by 9 3	3 14 0
13 4 by 10 4	3 17 0
13 5 by 9 3	3 9 0
13 5 by 10 3	3 16 0
13 2 by 11 4	4 4 0
13 3 by 9 6	3 10 0
13 11 by 10 3	3 19 0
14 6 by 9 9	4 7 0
14 6 by 9 4	4 3 0
14 4 by 10 5	4 12 0
14 2 by 9 5	4 8 0
15 5 by 10 4	4 9 0
15 2 by 12 1	5 4 0
15 4 by 11 9	6 0 0
15 9 by 12 6	6 0 0
15 3 by 12 4	5 3 0
15 5 by 10 3	4 18 0
15 2 by 12 2	5 13 0
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### A Cockney Carnival

ACCORDING to one of the best of authorities Bank Holiday Hampstead is "very 'ard to beat;" and despite the wider landscape which the bicycle and the cheap excursion train have brought into view, it remains so. Easter Monday, 1902, only confirmed its prestige. Thousands streamed along the teeming ways which lead east and west and north and south out of London, to see—in the words of a cockney boy whom the writer overheard—the country beginning to blow: but thousands got no farther than Hampstead Heath. It was a lovely spot that day. One seemed to have come out of London to the brink of the country, which lay blue and clear, with its spires and the glitter of a distant lake to the north. But it was not the view which had attracted the Bank Holiday-maker. He (and she) stopped short of that and turned to where the Heath dips down to the Vale of Health and looks southward over Parliament Fields. It is here, where London can still be seen like a fog, that the cockney pitches his tent and shies his cockernut; here, where the friendly streets and the neighbourly smoke-stacks can still be descried, that he practises at the rifle gallery, and she samples the roundabout, and he and she together exchange hats. 'Appy 'Ampstead should be "homely Hampstead;" Shoreditch High, and the Saturday night market of a hundred London streets push their way among the turf and the greening trees of the Heath on Easter Monday. The holiday-maker brings his own atmosphere with him. Generally he brings it on a 'bus, for the true reason of the unfading popularity of the Heath is the ease and cheapness with which it can be reached. In fact, the 'bus or the tram is psychologically the right way of going to Hampstead on Bank Holiday—on top, of course, with a couple of mouth-organs distributed among the passengers and a fine flow of cockney humour continually interchanged with the driver. "I see 'pose," says the cockney humorist, as the 'bus slowly crawls up Haverstock Hill, "that your 'orses are in a bit of a hurry to git to their stables?" The driver ironically points to the Police Station, and suggests that he is trying to get his passengers past that haven without attracting notice. "P'lice Station!" rejoins the humorist, with affected surprise, "is that a P'lice Station? What did I tell you, mates? Didn't I say he was in a hurry to git to 'is 'ome?" It is in the high spirits generated by these sallies that the cockney and his lass arrive at the Heath and the Vale of Health. From the upper road and the highest pond—already littered with Bank Holiday paper—an avenue of barrows descends to the swings and the merry-go-rounds, the rifle galleries, and the swings. But of all forms of Bank Holiday enjoyment that of the dance is the oldest and the most lasting; it flourishes with music or without it; it goes with the steam organ of the roundabout or the peripatetic penny whistle; it outlasts the joys of the booth, the swing, the show; it is as perennial as the British constitution.

### The Macedonian Question

INDICATIONS of a serious crisis in the western provinces of European Turkey are becoming every day more pronounced. According to a Note recently addressed to the Powers by the Sublime Porte, large districts of Macedonia and Albania are simmering with revolutionary agitation. It is possible that the advisers of the Sultan exaggerate the gravity of the situation, but that it inspires the Powers with considerable anxiety is abundantly clear. Roughly speaking, the grievances of the Macedonians and Albanians are precisely similar to those which led to the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1876. There are, of course, cross-currents, but the primal mischief is the maladministration by the Ottoman authorities, and the persecution to which the Christian population are subjected. By Article XXIII. of the Treaty of Berlin, these provinces were promised an organic law similar to that which was reserved for Crete, and in 1880 such a law was drawn up by the Porte, and approved by the Powers. It has, however, never been applied. Crete, by taking her



destiny into her own hands, has obtained much more than the Treaty of Berlin ever promised to it, and the Macedonians and Albanians are consequently not a little indignant that their more pacific protests and agitations have been so shabbily rewarded. To them the lesson of Crete is, that unless they fly to arms and threaten to re-open the whole Eastern Question, they need expect nothing from the Porte and no help from the Powers. During the last few years the Macedonians have found a courageous and resourceful leader in a certain Boris Sarassoff, who has organised out of the brigand bands a very formidable revolutionary movement. So important a personage has Sarassoff lately become that a few weeks ago the Tsar sent him a personal message through the medium of M. Bachmeteff, the Russian agent at Sofia, urging him to keep the peace. It is said that when the message was read to him Sarassoff replied haughtily that if this was all the Tsar had to say to him he had nothing to say in return to the Tsar. However that may be, the outlook is considered so serious that Russia and Austria have found it necessary to renew their agreement for conjoint action to preserve the *status quo* in the Balkans which was arrived at in 1897, and the Turkish Government have decided to call to the colours 170 battalions of the reserves to keep the peace in Macedonia.

### The Buriats

THE group of Buriat amazons represented in our double-page illustration, shows the women of that important Mongol tribe in their gala dress for one of those equestrian fêtes in which they still delight, and which preserve among other customs the memory of their nomadic existence in the days of Genghis and the Khakhans. The Buriats are the most numerous of all the Mongol clans, and their present number probably exceeds 300,000. When the Russians first invaded Siberia at the end of the sixteenth century, they offered a strenuous and not unsuccessful resistance to the Cossack Irmak. In 1631 the Russians began the systematic conquest of this country by establishing a line of blockhouses through it, and in 1661 the occupation of the Buriat country was completed by the founding of the town of Irkutsk in the midst of the tribe's encampments. The Buriats possess a very considerable amount of wealth and enjoy much prosperity. It is a singular fact that among them women possess all the rights of property, and are owners of great quantities of horses, cattle, and sheep. One chieftainess was said some years ago to possess 40,000 sheep, 10,000 horses, and 3,000 horned cattle. The Buriat women also have immense collections of valuable furs, and their dowries are usually paid in these articles. That of a wealthy bride has been fixed at forty cases of sable. Their head-dresses are also elaborate and costly, some of the most simple being worth 20*l.*, and in this respect they somewhat resemble the women of Zealand and Frisia, although the style of head ornament is very different in the two cases. The Buriat amazons, a term employed in its equestrian rather than any martial sense, are shown in our illustration wearing this elaborate headgear, with coral and jade necklaces, and furs, cloaks and petticoats. The occasion is probably a marriage, or one of those curious chases for the selection of an eligible bridegroom which are still in vogue among the children of "the sea of grass," as the Mongolian steppe is called.

### Mr. T. R. Macquoid's Drawings

AN exhibition, both delightful and interesting, of water-colours and black-and-white work by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I., is open at the St. Matthias School Rooms, Earl's Court, and has during the week attracted many contributors to the charity on behalf of which the pictures are exhibited. Part of the charm of the pictures lies in the vivid impressions which they have preserved of beautiful places in Spain, in Holland, in Belgium, and in Italy. Mr. Macquoid has the artist's eye for the happy note of colour in sea or sky or shore, in a misty landscape, or a shower of apple blossom; he has also the artist's knowledge of the good subject in architecture; and some of the most attractive of his water-colours are those of monks in Perugia, of cloisters in Spain, of a street ascending to a gateway in Lubeck. The subjects of the drawings are not limited to the jottings of a Continental traveller's sketch-book; there is a vivid little study of Cromer, with flowers boldly and effectively put in; and an exquisite reminiscence of Stokesay Castle. Altogether an exhibition to be visited.

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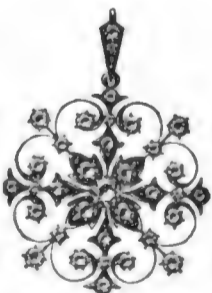
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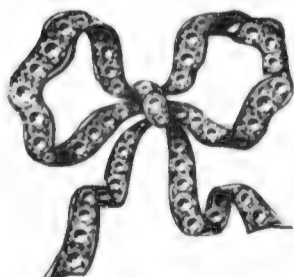
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THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. B. TABOR  
Killed at Dehoop



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. N. HOOD  
Killed near Klerksdorp



CORPORAL P. ELWELL  
Who has been given a commission



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. HARTLEY  
Killed at Klip Drift



THE LATE CAPT. G. DE COURCY MCCARTIE  
Died of wounds received at Nekirkkuil

### War Portraits

LIEUTENANT J. B. TABOR, of the 11th Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, was killed at Dehoop, to the north-east of Calvinia, on February 6. Lieutenant Tabor went to South Africa about two years ago, and only recently obtained his commission. A most promising young officer, his untimely death is deeply regretted. Our portrait is by E. Goodfellow, Wincanton.

Captain Alexander Nelson Hood, I.S.C. (Central India Horse), was killed whilst doing duty with the 5th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry in the disaster to the convoy of Colonel Von Donop's column, near Klerksdorp. Born October 21, 1873, he was the eldest son of the Hon. A. F. Hood. He joined the Army as second lieutenant, Manchester Regiment, on October 21, 1893, and became lieutenant July 13, 1896. He was transferred to the Staff Corps August 24, 1897. Our portrait is by Harrington and Norman, Calcutta.

Corporal Percy Elwell, of the 1st Life Guards, has been promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Worcester Regiment. Our portrait is by J. W. Russell and Co., West Kensington.

Lieutenant G. Hartley, who was attached to Major Steinaecker's Horse, fell in the fighting which took place at Klip Drift in the recent disastrous attack on Lord Methuen's column. He was the younger son of Mr. R. W. Hartley, of Brighton, and went out soon after the beginning of the war with Paget's Horse, and a little later he obtained his commission, being at the same time appointed paymaster to Steinaecker's Horse. Our portrait is by Gow, Cape Town.

Captain Gerald de Courcy McCartie, South African Constabulary,

died from wounds received at Nekirkkuil. He served as a lieutenant in Roberts's Horse from January, 1900, till April, 1901, when he joined the South African Constabulary. He was wounded at Kaffir River in May, and invalided home. He returned to the front in November. Captain McCartie, who was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, was the last of three brothers who have been killed in action. Our portrait is by Deale, Bloemfontein.

### Our Bookshelf

#### "MISTRESS BARBARA CUNLIFFE"

MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE'S "Mistress Barbara Cunliffe" (T. Fisher Unwin) is an exceedingly and, indeed, profoundly interesting picture of factory life in Yorkshire, before legislation had abolished its horrors there and elsewhere. It also recalls the period when the moor and the factory, with their humorous, or tragic, or, at the least, picturesque blends and contrasts of character, did not belong to different landscapes—much less to different worlds. Mr. Sutcliffe's thorough mastery of local language and portraiture has never been displayed with better effect or to better advantage; and though his story is distinctly subordinate to its setting, that also has a sympathetic interest of its own. At any rate, the sunshiny sweetness of "Mistress Barbara" herself, and the resolute manliness of Stephen Royd, the young master-weaver who was lucky enough to win her, will be found an attraction in themselves. The final result is a good book as well as a good novel.

#### "FOR ENGLAND"

Mr. Marcion Dacres, the hero of Mr. Morice Gerard's novel

(Ward, Lock and Co.), has evolved a plan of national defence "for England," which, while still only on paper, is acquired for the French Government by the simple process of breaking into Marcion's house and knocking him down. As the destination of the plan is perfectly well known to the English Admiralty, as well as to its patriotic designer, it would seem sufficient to render them, by radical alterations, useless to any foreign Power. Marcion, however, takes a different view, and, oblivious of the certainty that the paper would be copied, sets off in pursuit of the originals—as if these any longer mattered. To add to his difficulties, he is accompanied by a charming young ward of his, Duleima Mondaunt, in the disguise of a boy—for what reason Mr. Gerard forgets to explain. When, after many exciting perils by land and sea, they reach Paris, it is to find France tyrannised over by an anti-English Council of Ten—a secret society of murderers concerning whom the British Ambassador himself dares not whisper to a compatriot without first locking the door. When such ingredients as these are mixed up with a fascinating lady spy, with an explosion, an abduction, and a plot to assassinate the French President frustrated by Marcion in the nick of time, with the restoration of the precious plans for his reward, dullness is the last experience of which the most exacting reader need be afraid. And if entertainment requires sacrifice of common sense, who has so little common sense as seriously to care?

#### "THE KEYS OF THE HOUSE"

Mr. Algernon Gissing's psychology—and "The Keys of the House" (Methuen and Co.) is nothing if not psychological—is not always easy to follow. At any rate, one is well through the novel before one begins to guess at what he is driving. It is, in the main, the history of the conversion of a woman who "lived for triumph" to the discovery that "the only rational law of life" consists in

## Eczema

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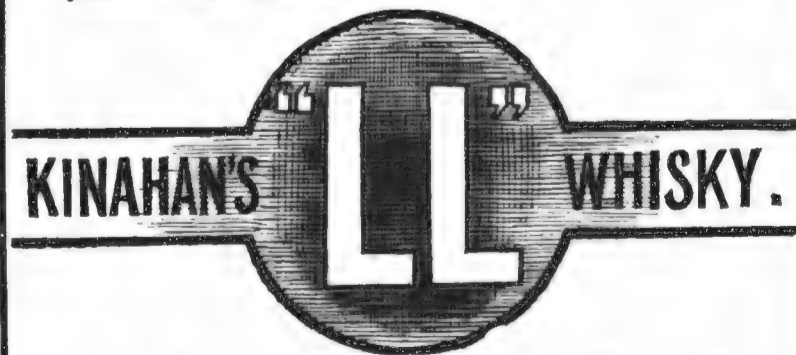
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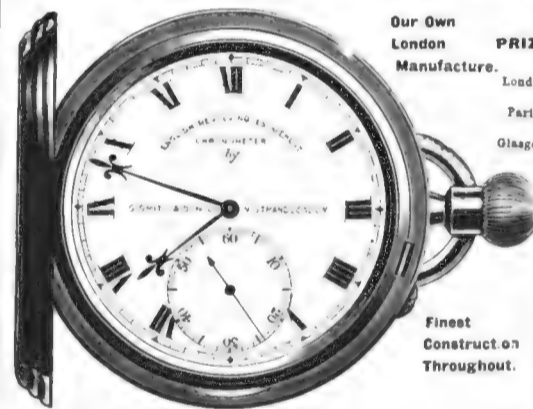
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THE PROCESSION

"service, humility, and self-denial." That is all very well, of course; but the circumstances are so little convincing as to considerably hinder the convincingness of the lesson. To start with, Eleanor Brant runs away from the excellent clergyman whom she married for love, and from her only child, simply and solely because she finds her husband's strength of character greater than her own. She returns home, when her son is approaching manhood, to separate him from his father, among her means for effecting this being the representation of the clergyman as a farcical character in a play written by her brother. In short, her whole conduct would be ascribable to monomania were it not that something of the same sort, though in different forms, appears to have been normal in the remote Northumbrian parish where most of the action is laid. It is in the descriptive portion of his novel that Mr. Gissing excels, and if there be haziness in his human effects, it is a poetic haziness, through which a certain loftiness of idea may be felt, however indistinctly seen.

## "TALES OF MY FATHER"

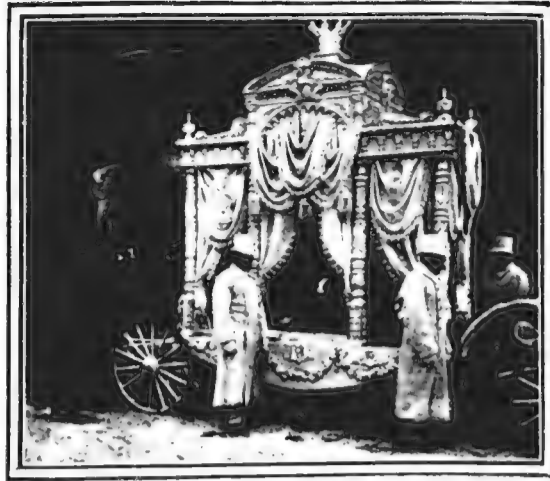
A new book of anecdote and gossip from the pen of the lady who writes under the initials A. M. F. is certain of hearty welcome. The writer's father, Captain H. of the Life Guards, from whom she

• "Tales of My Father." By A. M. F. (Longmans.)

heard the stories she now relates, was a *persona grata* at the Court of St. James's, and was also well known both in Paris and Berlin. In fact, as aide-de camp to Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, he came into intimate personal contact with many of the most notable personages of the early part of the last century. Very interesting is the story of Captain H.'s first introduction to Princess Victoria. He had been sent to Kensington Palace to give the Duchess of Kent particulars of the illness of Prince George of Cumberland, and was accompanied by his constant companion, "Schwarz," a tiny little Pomeranian dog.

Whilst waiting to be summoned to the Duchess's presence, he noticed a young girl walking about on the lawn, and wondered who she was. His dog also, noticed her, and suddenly ran out on the lawn, barking. My father (says the writer), forgetting that he had been told to remain in the room, rushed out also, calling vigorously to the small animal. The girl, running up to the dog, picked it up, and was going into the house through another open window, but, on hearing foot-steps, stopped and looked with surprise at what she considered the intruder. My father instinctively took off his hat to the girl, as she turned round; something in her looks, as she stood there arrayed simply in a white muslin frock with a blue sash, small and slight, with tiny feet and hands, the deepest blue eyes and light gold hair that fell about her neck and shoulders, told him that this was no ordinary girl. Such was his first introduction to Princess Victoria.

She was loth to give up the dog, and the gallant captain, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the attendants, presented the little animal to the Princess, who "held out her tiny hand and said, 'It shall never



THE HEARSE

leave me; it is the first pet of my own I ever had." The authoress, or rather her father, gives a most graphic, even picturesque, description of the Life Guards awaiting, in barracks, the news of King William's death. "A report had spread," she writes,

That the King was already dead, so Lord Beauchamp, my father's colonel, ordered him to have all the horses saddled, and the men standing by their horses, ready to start at a moment's notice either for Windsor or Kensington Palace. In less than half an hour everything was prepared; all the mess had turned out, and the sentries were doubled. They were a splendid set of men, full of enthusiasm for the new Queen, as they called Princess Victoria. To the King who was dying they were indifferent; he was not the soldiers' friend—he belonged to the Navy.

I think the men liked the idea of a Queen, especially a young Queen. England had had enough of old men. The country was stirring; fresh life seemed pouring into its veins, and many, quite ignorantly, prophesied bright and glorious days for the country with a young Sovereign at the head of affairs. . . . None of the officers left the mess-room that night. . . . Suddenly a noise was heard in the courtyard; something had happened, someone had come. Whoever it was, he had gone straight to Lord Beauchamp, and was closeted with him. Shortly Lord Beauchamp came in, stood in the middle of the room, and held up his hand amidst a dead silence. "Gentlemen," he said, in a loud, clear voice, "the King is dead. Let us drink to the new Sovereign—God save the Queen!" Loud and ringing cheers followed, again and again they rose and fell. No one thought of the dead King, lying cold and still at Windsor. They only thought of the bright young life opening before them at Kensington, of the girl Queen still sound asleep, though messengers were hurrying to tell her the great news.

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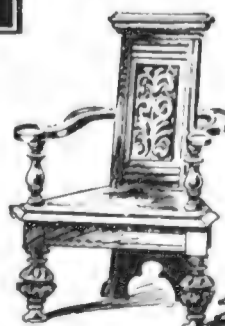
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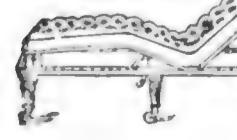
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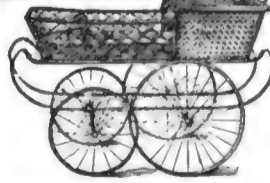


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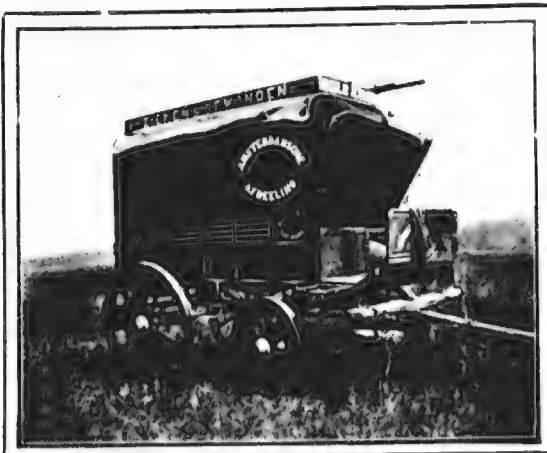
The second volume of Professor Hume Brown's "History of Scotland, from the Accession of Mary Stuart to the Revolution of 1706," has just been issued by the Cambridge University Press in the "Cambridge Historical Series," thereby completing the work. As much for its exhaustive nature as its scholarly character, this book is to be recommended, and its author's insight into and study of the social no less than the political condition of the country during the eventful period of which he writes makes the volume peculiarly interesting and valuable.

### "A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS"

Another historical work, which is possibly even more interesting, through dealing with a more romantic and less discussed period, is by the Rev. John Evans, B.A. ("A Popular History of the Ancient Britons, or the Welsh People, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Nineteenth Century," Elliott Stock). The story, as a matter of fact, is brought up to the present day, but more than half of the book is concerned with olden times, and with the struggles of the Britons with the several nations who overran their country. Mr. Evans takes pains to point out that the ancient Britons were not the barbarians which the Romans declared them to be, and which same modern historians represent them. "The Romans found them to be a very brave and intelligent people. If they had possessed the best weapons of war such as the Romans had, and had been a united people, not broken up into discordant tribes, they would probably not have been conquered." Again, many and great though the civilising innovations were which the Romans introduced, had they never occupied, conquered and governed Britain, "there is no reason to suppose that the Britons themselves would have remained in the condition in which they were nineteen centuries ago. Such an energetic, brave and intelligent people would have acquired the elements of a higher civilisation, and would have pushed themselves onwards." Mr. Evans deals with the political and religious history of the Welsh people, and also, at length, with their literature. He writes in an easy, attractive style, and from first to last he is instructive and entertaining.

### "LAST WORDS"

"Last Words," by Stephen Crane (Digby, Long and Co.), contains a collection of characteristic and impressionistic little fragments by the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." One and all possess that curious vivid quality which first brought the work of this writer into note, and as they deal with an infinite variety of incidents in widely different countries, there is never any feeling of monotony. Among the little dramatic sketches there are none



This ambulance was presented to the Boers at the beginning of the War by the Queen of Holland.

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more effective than those which come under the heading of "Spitzbergen Tales," describing incidents in the life of that famous regiment, of which Mr. Crane has more than once written, namely, the "Kicking Twelfth," and the story of how the "Kickers" behaved when a friendly battery opened fire on them in error is, perhaps, even better worth reading than some of the other chapters, which is saying a good deal.

### "MUSIC IN THE XIX. CENTURY"

The volume before us is the first in a series which aims at setting forth concisely, but exhaustively, the progress of music and musical knowledge in England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, the Slavonic lands, Scandinavia, and the United States during the past century. The first volume, dealing with English music, is by Mr. J. Fuller Maitland, who brings all his large experience and knowledge to bear in dealing with the period, the latter part of which has seen so great a revival of interest in matters musical. Mr. Maitland even goes so far as to suggest that music is the only one

"Music in the XIX. Century." English Music. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. (Grant Richards.)

of the arts that has a vivid life at the present moment, and however little one may be inclined to endorse this, there can be no question but that he has produced a very interesting review of the century.

### "FROISSART'S MODERN CHRONICLES"

A new *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. F. Carruthers-Gould takes the form of a modern version of "Froissart's Chronicles," which is to say that the political history of the last sixteen years is chronicled in the spirit and language of Sir John Froissart, as if the events recorded had happened in the fourteenth instead of in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The result is an amusing little quarto well illustrated with Mr. Gould's characteristic sketches, and the only criticism to be passed is an expression of doubt as to whether the humour is strong enough to sustain the idea through so many pages.


### "HIEROGLYPHS"

Mr. Arthur Machen's attractive-looking volume with the above quaint title is a little difficult to understand, namely, why was it written and why published? It purports to be records of conversation listened to by the author during many visits to the house of a friend in Barnslary. In the society of this friend, and in an "old mouldering room," art in general, and the art of literature in particular, seem to have been very thoroughly discussed. This unnamed friend may have been an author, though Mr. Machen confesses himself ignorant, but "he was always ready to defend the thesis that, all the arts being glorious, the literary art was the most glorious and wonderful of all." Mr. Machen has now constituted himself the Boswell of this Barnslary friend, whose existence we take leave to doubt, and the result is a discursive volume of opinions, given conversationally, on literature and art on what constitutes literature, and what constitutes art, with some smashing of idols (as, for instance, George Eliot, George Meredith, and the already chipped Stevenson), all set forth with a certain amount of affection in style by the author. Mr. Machen, in point of fact, requires what he is pleased to call "ecstasy" in a book before it pleases him. He has found it in the Mr. Hardy of "Two in a Tower" days, but not in the Mr. Hardy who wrote "Jude," any more than in the work of the other writers mentioned above. It is well to know, though, that he fancies he detected this quality in "Keynotes," which circumstance may comfort Mr. Meredith for his lack of it, unless, perchance, he admires that curious work. Those who would know more, however, of the ecstatic in literature must turn to the book itself.

"Froissart's Modern Chronicles," Told and Pictured by F. Carruthers-Gould. (E. Fisher Unwin.)

"Hieroglyphs" By Arthur Machen. (Grant Richards.)

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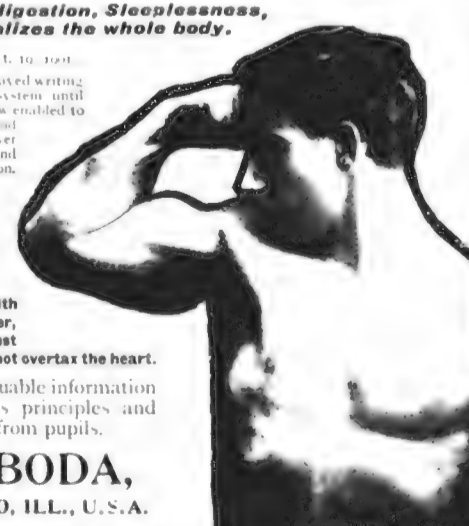
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE almond blossom, both the pink of the common variety and the white and red of the bitter almond, decked the bare boughs handsomely by Good Friday, and in some sheltered positions had even been out a full week before that date. The swallows have arrived in Devonshire at least a fortnight earlier than usual, but the recorded appearances, though quite indisputable, different and competent naturalists being the observers, reveal a small advance guard rather than a general return of the tribe. A correspondent writes that he saw a cuckoo on March 25 near Wimborne in Dorset, but we fancy it must have been a sparrow-hawk. The Easter holidays, coming so early this year, could scarcely hope to escape certain wintry drawbacks, and the rainfall has been unwelcome, albeit the temperature has been above the average, and on Easter Monday, in the afternoon, the sun was quite hot. The

Meteorological Office, with its Eastertide prophecy of dry, cold weather, with easterly winds, was almost as much in error as the French Academy, when they defined a crab as "a little red fish that walks backwards." The rooks are very busy just now, their cheerful cawing making the real country yet more countryfied, while it imparts the pleasant suggestion of *rus in urbe* to Gray's Inn gardens. Shrubs have come well through the winter. We notice that the green bay and laurestinus are uncommonly healthy, while lilacs are coming on fast. Daffodils are now in their glory, and a few early irises of the white and light blue variety were out on the 29th ult., just a week too late to deck the Cambridge triumph, but still a few days before an ordinary year. The farmers' fields look promising; wheat is growing well, and the late February sowings of barley are already well up.

## HORSES AND THE EMPIRE

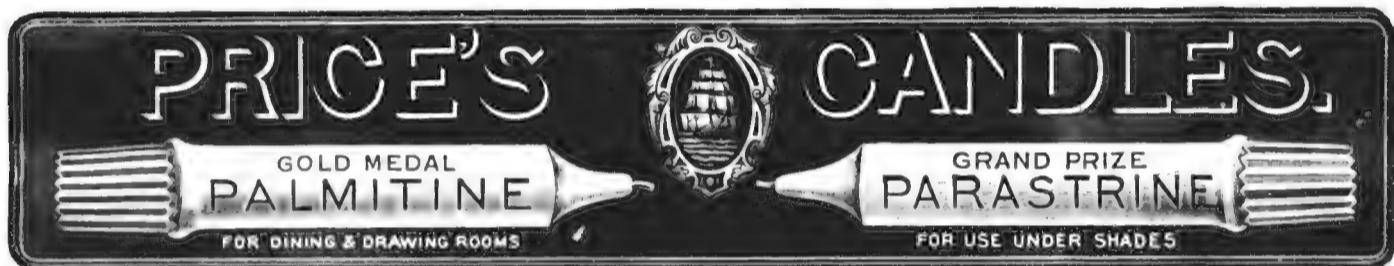
Our reputation as a horsebreeding country stands as high as ever it did, and "remount scandals" have no appreciable effect on the

great demand for English horses for exportation, or on the market prices within the country. Soberly considered these two facts are perhaps the most serious indictment of the War Office which could be formed, for they argue an universal belief that the bad supply of horses for the Army is due not to the material but to the faulty selection of it. The United Kingdom boasts of over 2,011,650 horses, and the breeding of them is at once a profitable and well-conducted industry. Foreign buyers do not come long distances to buy corks, and it is certainly discouraging to see valuable animals leaving for Canada, Argentina, and Russia when our own Government is reduced—as it alleges—to buy of Hungary, the United States, and Australia. The prices paid by the Government are not low enough to explain affairs, and the farmer can hardly be blamed, seeing that he finds the chief drawback to horse rearing its speculative character. He would thankfully accept rather lower prices in exchange for a regular demand, and such conditions, which might be expected to follow on a Government inquiry, would enable many farmers of moderate capital to breed horses. At present it is "only a rich man's game." Government requirements should supply exactly that backbone of a steady sale, which is the desideratum among non-speculative farmers.

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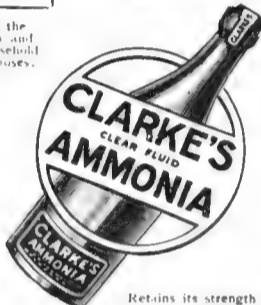
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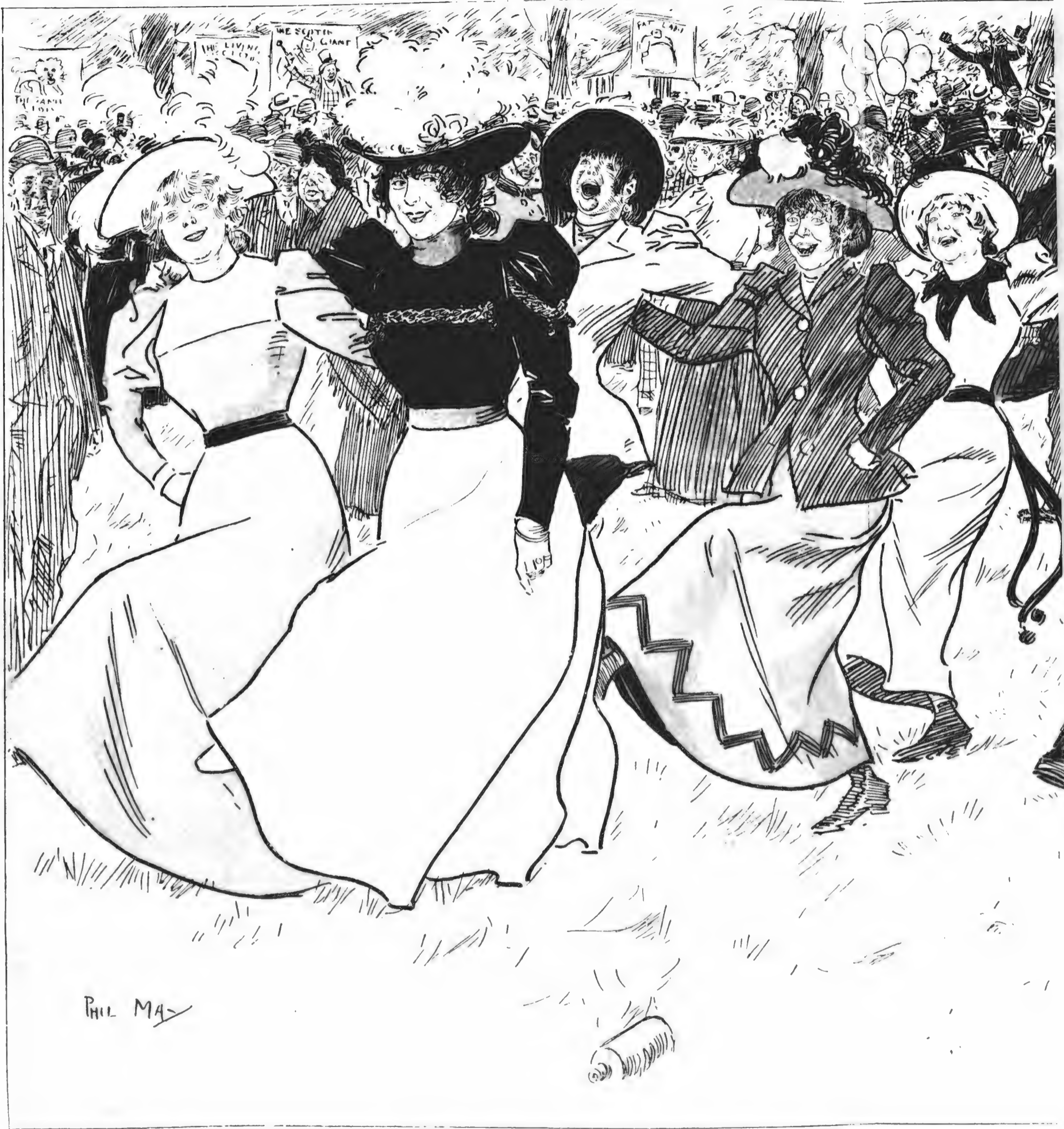
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